

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXVII.

No. 1830.— July 12, 1879.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXLII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

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PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.

[FROM DANTE'S "INFERNO."]

AFTER that I had heard my teacher name
 The ladies and the knights of days gone by,
 "Wildered I stood,—so pity o'er me came.
 "Fain," I began, "oh, poet, fain would I
 Speak with the two who pass on side by
 side,
 And seem so lightly on the wind to lie!"
 And he to me, "When thou shalt see them
 glide
 Nearer to us, entreat them by the love
 That leads them on; thou wilt not be de-
 nied."
 Soon then as them the wind toward us drove,
 I raise my voice,—“Oh, spirits woe-op-
 pressed,
 Come, speak with us, if none else disap-
 prove!”
 As doves, invited to their genial nest
 By fond desire, with wings outstretched and
 strong,
 Fly through the air at their own will's be-
 hest,
 So came they to us, issuing from the throng
 Grouped around Dido, through the air mag-
 nign,—
 Such force did to my tender plea belong.
 "Oh, breathing creature, glorious and benign,
 Who through the lurid air on visit wend
 To us who tinged the earth incarnadine,
 If that Creation's Sovereign were our friend,
 Him would we now petition for thy peace,
 Who pity hast on our perverted end.
 To hear and speak, whate'er thy pleasure is,
 Of that, together, will we speak and hear,
 The while the winds, as now, in silence
 cease.
 The burgh where I was born is seated near
 The seaboard, whereunto the Po descends,
 He and his affluents to have quiet there.
 Love, that the gentle heart full soon appends,
 Seized upon him, for the fair form removed
 From me in manner that e'en yet offends.
 Love, that from loving ne'er exempts the
 loved,
 Charmed me with his so potent spell; and
 he
 Has ne'er abandoned me, as thou seest
 proved.
 Love to one death led us in company.
 Him Caina* waits for, who our life dis-
 traught."
 These were the words conveyed from them
 to me.
 While thus I heard what the chafed spirits
 taught,
 I bowed my head, and held it low until
 The poet asked me, "Whereof is thy
 thought?"
 When I made answer, I began, "What thrill
 Of sweet imaginings,—what yearning's
 force
 Urged them, alas! to the last step of ill?"

* Caina was an abyss in Hell, to which Cain had
 been consigned.

Then I returned to them, and my discourse
 Renewed,—“Francesca, thy indign
 Tortures draw tears from sad and pious
 source.
 But say, in time of those sweet sighs of thine,
 Whereat, and in what mode, did love dis-
 pose,
 So that your dim desires ye should divine?”
 And she to me, “None greater among woes
 Than the remembrance amid misery
 Of happy days; and that thy teacher knows.
 But since thy words so keen a wish imply
 To trace our love back to its earliest prime,
 Even as one who weeps and speaks, will I.
 We read one day—’twas but to while the
 time—
 Of Lancelot, how love held him enchained;
 We were alone, and without thought of
 crime.
 The story oft our eyes to meet constrained,
 And blanched our cheeks, but over us sore
 tried
 One point alone it was that victory gained
 When of warm lips we read that failed to chide
 Kissed by so frenzied lover,—then, too, he,
 Whom never more from me may aught
 divide,
 Kissed me upon the mouth all tremblingly.
 Pandar, the book, and he who wrote it, was.
 No farther forward on that day read we.
 Spectator. W. T. THORNTON.

WALL-FLOWERS.

WHERE the wall-flowers grow,
 Many come and go;
 Rich and poor men pass,
 Lover, too, and lass;
 Children at their play,
 Heads careworn and gray.

Nought of all that go
 Do the wall-flowers know;
 Yet their perfumes reach
 To the heart of each,—
 Win one moment's share
 In each passer there.

Droop thy head, and go,
 Poet, from the show;
 Man thou art, not flower,
 Decade liv'st, not hour,
 Reason hast, and will,
 Sympathy and skill.

Yet what canst thou know
 More of all that go?
 Could thy verse but reach
 To the heart of each,
 As the wall-flowers' scent
 What were thy content!

Spectator.

F. W. B.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
FRENCH NOVELS.

THERE can be no question that the French have a talent for novel-writing. With much in him that is eminently practical, when it comes to matters of hard, prosaic business, the Frenchman is theoretically and superficially romantic. In spirit and temperament he is emotional, and his feelings are lightly stirred to ebullition. He may profess himself a freethinker and *esprit fort*, yet *en revanche* he carries a religion of his own into the domestic relations. He may be an indifferent son or worse, yet he is eloquent of ecstatic adoration of his mother; and in talking of "that saint," especially if he have buried her, his eyes will overflow at a moment's notice. So comprehensive is the sympathy between mother and child that he will reckon on it with pleasant confidence in those unconsecrated affairs of the heart, as to which an Englishman is discreetly reserved. He may be close in his everyday money dealings, and in the habit of practising somewhat shabby economics; yet if he can *pose* as the victim of a grand passion, he will take a positive pleasure in launching into follies. He may have a superfluity of volatile sentimentality, but he has no false shame; and his everyday manners are ostentatiously symptomatic of that. While an Englishman nods a cool good-bye to a friend, or parts with a quiet grasp of the hand, Alphonse throws himself into the arms of Adolphe, presses him to his embroidered shirt-front, and, finally, embraces him on either cheek. So it is in public business or in politics, where his first thought is generally for effect, and he is perpetually translating romance into action. Like Jules Favre at Ferrières, weeping over the misfortunes and humiliations of his country; uttering the noble sentiments of a Demosthenes or a Cato; practising the tones and gestures he had patriotically studied beforehand; and even, according to the German gossip, artificially blanching his features like early asparagus, or some actor of the Porte St. Martin, with the notion of touching the iron chancellor. In short, the Frenchman has instinctive aptitudes for the dramatic, and an uncontrollable bent towards high-flown pathos. He

is ready to strike an attitude at a moment's notice, and to figure with dignified self-respect and *aplomb* in scenes that might strike us as ludicrously compromising. But though that mobility of character has its ridiculous side in the eyes of people who are naturally colder and more phlegmatic, undoubtedly it serves him well when he betakes himself to the literature of the fancy. The imaginative faculties, which are perpetually in play, need regulation and control rather than stimulating. The quick conception conjures up the effects which must be laboriously wrought out by duller imaginations; and he sees and avoids those difficulties in the plot which inferior ingenuity might find insurmountable. He can throw himself with slight preparation into *rôles* that seem foreign to his own; and though in feminine parts he may be somewhat artificial, yet he can give the impression all the same of being fairly at home in them. While the prosaic element that underlies his versatility is powerful enough to contrast with his poetry and correct it. He has practical ambitions of one kind or another, which he follows with all the candor of self interest or selfishness, so that we are likely to find in his literary labors a judicious blending of the real with the ideal.

In the drama the superiority of the French is of course incontestable; and our English playwrights have recognized it by adapting or appropriating wholesale. In fiction, notwithstanding our remarks as to the Frenchman's natural aptitudes, we must admit that there is more room for differences of opinion. Indeed the two schools are so broadly opposed that it is difficult to institute satisfactory comparisons between them; and though individual English writers may be largely indebted to the French for the refinements that make the chief charm of their works, yet for obvious reasons our duller novelists dare hardly copy closely. In the infancy of the art there can be little doubt that English authors had it all their own way; and though we may possibly be blinded by national prejudice, we believe we may claim the greatest names in fiction. Nothing could be more tedious or more false to nature than the French romantic pastorals

of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, except those interminable romances by Scudéry and others, which had so great a vogue in the literary circles of their time; or the insipid licentiousness of the younger Crebillon. Voltaire had to thank his residence in England, and the influence of English companionships, with his studies in English literature, for the most telling of those inimitable romances, whose brevity is at once their beauty and their blemish. While "Gil Blas" will be read to all eternity, because Le Sage, like Fielding, painted human nature precisely as it was, and always must be. Our most illustrious novelists are illustrious indeed. We confess we have never appreciated Richardson; everybody must agree with Johnson, that if you read him simply for the story you would hang yourself; and we have always far preferred to his "Pamela" Fielding's admirable satire on it in "Joseph Andrews." But Fielding and Smollett; Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens; Lord Lytton and George Eliot, with others we might possibly add to the list, are well-nigh unapproachable in their different lines. Yet with us the art of the novel-writer has been on the whole declining, though there are living writers who keep alive the best traditions of the craft. In fact the race of novel-scribblers has been multiplying so rapidly that almost necessarily the average of the execution has been lowered, since the general scramble and rush have tended inevitably to crude conceptions and hasty workmanship. With the French, it has been rather the reverse; and while the races of their dramatists, historians, and poets have been dying out, their romance-writing, in spite of its offences against morals, has rather advanced than declined.

That is partly, perhaps, though it may sound paradoxical, because novel-reading is far less universal among the French than with us. The stage in France has exceptional encouragement. The leading metropolitan houses are subsidized by the State with the general assent or approval of the nation. Each little town has its little theatre; at all events it is visited by some strolling company, and all the world flocks to the performances. Most Frenchmen have something of the making of an

actor in them; and each Frenchman and Frenchwoman is a fairly capable critic. A successful play makes its author's reputation at once, to say nothing of filling his pockets; and as the people insist upon novelties in some shape, there must be a constant supply of some kind of pieces. But the French are not a reading people. There is no place among them for the circulating library system, and poverty-stricken novels by anonymous writers would fall still-born from the press, if they found a publisher. A certain number of better-educated people buy those paper-stitched books at three francs and a half, which quickly, when they have any success, run through many successive editions. But in times of trouble and political agitation, the novel-market may be absolutely stagnant—a thing which is altogether inconceivable in England. Not that the French can dispense with amusement, even in the depths of national sorrow and humiliation; only they prefer to seek the indispensable distraction in entertainments which are at once more exciting and congenial. Thus there was literally nothing new to be bought in the way of a novel during the days of the German invasion and the Commune, or for the year or two that succeeded. Yet we remember on the occasion of a visit to Paris, arriving the day after the German evacuation, when we asked if any places of amusement were open, several of the lighter theatres had recommenced the usual performances, and we applied for a *fauteuil* at the Bouffes Parisiennes. The pretty little comic theatre was so crowded that we had to make interest for a chair at one of the side-doors; the audience were shrieking over the humors of Desiré, and no one was more jovially interested than the officers in uniform in the gallery. The trait seems to us to be strikingly characteristic. The nation, amid its calamities and pecuniary straits, was so indifferent even to the lightest novel-reading, that it ceased to spend money in books, although rushing in crowds to fill the theatres. But in calmer times there is a select and comparatively discriminating circle of readers. When minds are easy and money tolerably plentiful, there are many people who make a point

of buying the latest publication that is vouched for by the name of some writer of repute, recommended by their favorite journals or the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and displayed in the bookshops and on the stalls at the railway stations. Every writer must make a beginning, or an author sometimes, though rarely, may write anonymously; but it may generally be taken for granted that he has shown some signs of talent. Before he has been encouraged to publish in form, he has probably tried his powers in some *feuilleton* in a provincial newspaper, or attained a certain credit for cleverness in the society of some *café-coterie*. At all events the ordeal, with the odds against succeeding in it, exclude many who with us would hurry into type; and the Frenchmen, we believe, are practical enough never to pay for the privilege of publishing. While in France the rougher sex has pretty much kept the field to itself. There has been only one George Sand, though we do not forget Mrs. Craven. Indeed, setting the restraints of delicacy aside, the ladies would be more at a disadvantage there than with us. The stars of the *demi-monde* seldom shine, even in penmanship and orthography; while ladies of more decent life and reputation dare scarcely pretend to the indispensable intimacy with the *détails scabreux* of the *vie de garçon*; with the interiors of cabinets in restaurants in the boulevards; with parties of *baccarat* in the Cercles or the *Chaussée d'Antin*; with the flirtations in the side-scenes, *doubles entendres* of the slips, and the humors of the casinos and the *bals de l'opéra*.

This selection of what in a certain sense is the fittest, has helped to maintain the average workmanship of the French novel; but if it is become far more agreeable reading in the last generation or two, there are very evident reasons for that. The novels by the old masters were altogether artificial. Not only were they prolix and intolerably monotonous, but they transported one into worlds as surprising and unfamiliar as those in which Jules Verne has sought his sensations; or at all events, they idealized our actual world beyond possibility of recognition. To do them justice, with such notorious exceptions as

Crebillon and Le Clos, Prévot and Louvet, they are for the most part moral enough. They are in the habit, indeed, of exaggerating the virtues of their heroes beyond all the limits of the credible; although their authors might have been dancing attendance in the antechambers of Versailles, when the king attended the *lever* of his mistress in state, and when retreats like the *Parc-aux-Cerfs* were among the cherished institutions of the monarchy. Even when professing to study Arcadian simplicity, they still exaggerated sentiment, and refined on the refinements of nature. It is the accomplished Bernardin de Saint Pierre who may be said to have inaugurated the period of transition; and he had the courage to break away from the confirmed traditions. He had the soul of a poet and the inspirations of an artist, and was an adept in the art that succeeds in concealing art. As you breathe the balmy languor of the tropics, you abandon yourself to the seductions of his glowing style and the impassioned graces of his luxuriant fancy. Should you give yourself over unreflectingly to the spirit of the story, there is no *arrière-pensée* of discordant impressions; and the proof is, that when the book has delighted you in boyhood, you never lose your feelings of affectionate regard for it. Yet we suspect that were you first to make acquaintance with it in later life, when experience has made a man colder and more critical, the sense of the ascendancy of the theatrical element would repress the reader's warm enthusiasm and work against the spells of the writer. We may believe in the luxuriance of that tropical scenery, glancing in all the hues of the rainbow under the most brilliant sunshine; but the story, with its sentiment, would seem an idyl of the imagination which could never have had its counterpart in actual life. It might strike us, we fancy, like a picture by a clever French artist, which we remember admiring in the Salon, and at the Vienna Exhibition. As a picture, nothing could be more prettily conceived; the drowned Virginia was peacefully reposing on the shingle, between the wavelets that were gently lapping against the beach, and the picturesque precipices in the background. But

though the body must have been tossed upon the surge through the storm, the clinging draperies were decently disposed; there was neither bruise nor scratch on the angelic features; and hair and neck ornaments were artistically arranged in the studied negligence of a careless slumber.

But the modern French novel, since the time of *Saint Pierre*, has been becoming more and more characterized by an intensity of realism. We do not say that there is not often to the full as much false sentiment as ever; and we have mad and spasmodic fantasias of the passions, played out with eccentric variations on the whole gamut of the sensibilities. But even the writers who most freely indulge in those liberties have generally taken their stand on some basis of the positive. What we have rather to complain of is, that the most popular authors show a morbid inclination for what is harrowing or repulsive; or they seek novel sensations in those perversions of depravity over which consideration for humanity would desire to draw a veil. The sins and the sorrows of feeble nature must always play a conspicuous part in the highest fiction, where the author is searching out the depths of the heart; but grace should be the handmaid of artistic genius; and the born artist will show the delicacy of his power by idealizing operations in moral chirurgery. Following the downward career of some unfortunate victim may lead a man incidentally to the Morgue; but we cannot understand making the Morgue his haunt of predilection, or voluptuously breathing the atmosphere of that chamber of the dead, when all the world lies open before you, with its scenes of peace and beauty and innocence.

Some of the most realistic of these writers, notably M. Zola, have affected to defend themselves on high moral grounds. Next to the duty, conscientiously discharged, of depicting life as they find it, it is their purpose to deter from the practice of vice, by painting its horrors and its baleful consequences. That argument may be good to a certain extent; but it cannot be stretched to cover the point in question. We can understand the Spartan fathers making a show of the drunken helot; we can understand the rather disgusting series of drawings of "The Bottle," which George Cruikshank etched, as the advocate of total abstinence. Drunkenness, or excess in strong liquors, is acknowledged one of the crying evils of the age, and all weapons are good by which such social perils may be combated. But nothing but unmitigated mischief can be

done by even faintly indicating to innocence and inexperience the corruptions which are happily altogether exceptional. The real aim of these self-styled moralists is to excite sensation of the most immoral kind; or to show their perverted ingenuity in interesting the jaded voluptuary; and nothing proved that more than some of the novels which were the first to appear after the fall of the empire. As we remarked, there was an interval during the war, and afterwards, when novels were at a discount, since nobody cared to buy. Then came the revival, and such a revival! The fashion of the day had taken a turn towards the asceticism of republican manners, and France, purified by prolonged suffering, was to enter on the grand task of regeneration. Certain clever novel-writers, who had been condemned to forced inactivity, saw their opportunity, and hastened to avail themselves of it. Nothing could be more transparent than the hypocrisy of their brief prefaces, which were the only really moral portion of their books. Recognizing their grave responsibilities as censors, and protesting the single-minded purity of their intentions, they proceeded to reproduce the society of imperial Paris for the purpose of denouncing and satirizing it. That society, no doubt, was sufficiently frivolous, sensual, and dissipated. But those writers were not content with reviving it as it had appeared to the people who casually mixed in it: they were not even satisfied with painting sin as they saw it on the surface, and dealing with the sinners in vague generalities. They gave their imaginations loose rein, letting them revel in exceptional horrors and absurdities; and presenting social and political notorieties under the flimsiest disguises, they misrepresented their sufficiently creditable biographies with circumstantial and pointed malignity. It is difficult to imagine a fouler prostitution of talent than the invention of atrocities that are to be scathed with your satire. We entirely agree with the dictum of a shrewd contemporary French critic, "that the aim of the romance-writer ought to be to present the agreeable or existing spectacle of the passions or humors of the world at large; but that he should take care at the same time that the picture of passion is never more corrupting than the passion itself." And the remark was elicited by the reluctant confession, that that rule is more honored among his countrymen in the breach than in the observance.

For there is no denying, we fear, that the trail of the serpent is over most of the

recent French novels of any mark. Occasionally indeed it shows itself but faintly; and then, nevertheless, it may make an exceptionally disagreeable impression, because it seems almost gratuitously out of place. It would appear that the writers who are most habitually pure feel bound by self-respect to show, on occasion, that they do not write purely from lack of knowledge, and that they are as much men of this wicked world as their more audacious neighbors. Nor is crowning by the Academy a guarantee of virtue, though it is a recognition of talent that the author may be proud of, and assures his book a lucrative circulation. All it absolutely implies, from the moral point of view, is that the novel is not flagrantly scandalous; and so far as that goes, the name of any author of note is generally a sufficient indication of the tone of his stories. Now and then a Theophile Gautier may forget himself in such a brilliant *jeu des sens* as his "Madelmoiselle de Maupin;" but the French novelist, as a rule, takes a line and sticks to it, carefully developing by practice and thought what he believes to be his peculiar talent. And whatever may be the moral blemishes of the French novel — though they may be often false to art by being false to nature, notwithstanding the illusion of their superficial realism, there can be no question of their average superiority to our own in care of construction and delicacy of finish. The modern French novelist, as a rule, does not stretch his story on a Procrustean bed, racking it out to twice its natural length, and thereby enfeebling it proportionately. He publishes in a single manageable volume, which may be in type that is large or small *à discrétion*. Not only is he not obliged to hustle in characters, for the mere sake of filling his canvas, but he is naturally inclined to limit their number. In place of digressing into superfluous episodes and side-scenes for the sake of spinning out the volumes to regulation length, he is almost bound over to condense and concentrate. Thus there is no temptation to distract attention from the hero, who presents himself naturally in the opening chapter, and falls as naturally into the central place; while the other people group themselves modestly behind him. Consequently the plot is simple where there is a plot; and where there is no plot, in the great majority of cases we have a consistent study of a selected type. Each separate chapter shows evidences of care and patience. The writer seems to have more or less identi-

fied himself with the individuality he has imagined; and no doubt that has been the case. Nineteen novels out of twenty in England are the careless distractions of leisure time by men or women who are working up waste materials. In France it would appear to be just the opposite. Thoughtful students of the art take to novel-writing as a business. They practise the business on acknowledged principles, and according to certain recognized traditions, though they may lay themselves out to hit the fashions of the times, like the fashionable jewellers and dress-makers. So that the story, as it slowly takes form in their minds, is wrought in harmony throughout with its original conception. There may occasionally be distinguished exceptions, but they only prove the general rule. Thus Zola is said to give his mornings to his novels, while he devotes the afternoons to journalism; and Claretie, who is as much of a press man as a novelist, mars excellent work that might be better still, by the inconsistencies, oversights, and pieces of slovenliness that may be attributed to the distracting variety of his occupations.

Then, as the French novelists are Parisian almost to a man, their novels are monotonously Parisian in their tone, as they are thoroughly French in their spirit. The system of centralization that has been growing and strengthening has been attracting the intellect and ambition of the country to its heart. It is in the Paris of the present republic as in the Paris of the monarchies and the empire, that fame, honors, and places are to be won; and where the only life is to be lived that a Frenchman thinks worth the living. The ornaments of the literary as of the political coteries are either Parisians born or bred; or they are young provincials, who have found their way to the capital when the mind and senses are most impressionable. Many of these clever youths have seen nothing of "society" till they have taken their line and made their name. Too many of them decline to be bored by either respectability or an observance of conventionalities; even if they had admission to the drawing-rooms they would rarely avail themselves of it, except for the sake of the social flattery implied; and they take their only notions of women from the ladies of a certain class. If they are "devouring" a modest patrimony or making an income by their ready pens, they spend it in the dissipation of a *vie orageuse*. So we have fancies inspired by the champagne of noisy suppers towards the small hours; and

moral reflections suggested by absinthe, in the gloomy reaction following on debauch. In the scenes from the life of some *petit creux* or *lorette*, you have the boulevards and the Bois de Boulogne; the supper at the Maison Dorée, the breakfast at the Café Riche; the frenzied pool at *lansquenet* or *baccarat*; the flirtations at the fancy balls of the opera; the humors of the *foyers*, the journal offices, and the *cafés*,—described with a liveliness that leaves little to desire, if the accomplished author have the necessary *verve*. But those views of life are all upon the surface, and they are as absolutely wanting in breadth as in variety. The writer takes his colors from the people he associates with; and these are either too busy to think, or else they are morbidly disillusioned. They talk a jargon of their world, and try to act in conformity; the philosophy they profess to practise is shallow hypocrisy and transparent self-deception; if there is anything of which they are heartily ashamed, it is the betrayal of some sign of genuine feeling. The writer who nurses his brain on absinthe and cognac, knows little of the finer emotions of our nature; and yet, to do justice to his philosophical omniscience, he may feel bound to imagine and analyze these. Then imagination must take the place of reproduction, and the realistic shades harshly into the ideal. We have chapters where we are in the full rattle of *coupés*, the jingling of glasses and the clink of napoleons; and we have others alternating with them, where some stage-struck hero is meditating his amorous misadventures or *bonnes fortunes*; contemplating suicide in a melodramatic paroxysm of despair, or indulging in raptures of serene self-gratulation. And these stories, though extravagant in their representations of the feelings, may be real to an extreme in their action and in their framework; yet, as we said before, in construction and execution they may command the approval of the most fastidious of critics. While, as we need hardly add, there are authors *hors de ligne*, whose genius and profound acquaintance with mankind are not circumscribed by the *octroi* of Paris.

Where painstaking writers of something more than respectable mediocrity often show themselves at their best, is in the special knowledge they are apt to be ashamed of. The provincial who has gone to school in the *cafés* of the capital, was born and brought up in very different circumstances. He remembers the farmstead in Normandy or La Beauce, he

remembers the stern solitudes of the Landes or the Breton heaths, the snows and the pine forests of the Pyrenees or the Jura, the grey olive-groves of Provence, and the sunny vineyards of the Gironde. He recalls the dull provincial town where he went to college; where the *maire* was a personage and the *sous-préfet* a demigod, and where a Sunday on the promenade or a *chasse* in the environs seemed the summit of human felicity. Probably he had been in love in good earnest in these days; and the remembrance of that first freshness of passion comes keenly back to him, like the breath of the spring. It is somewhat humiliating, no doubt, the having to revive those rustic memories, the more so that the world and your jealous friends are likely to identify you with the incidents of your romance. But after all, necessity exacts originality, and a vein of veracity means money and gratifying consideration; and then there is honorable precedent for his condescension. Did not Balzac include the *vie de province* in the innumerable volumes of the "*Comédie Humaine*"? With some simple study of a quiet human life, we have charming sketches of picturesque nature, that might have come from the brush of a Corot or a Jules Breton. More generally, however, the nature in the French novel reminds one rather of the stage-painter than the lover of the country; and there they fall far short of the average of second-class English work. Many of our indifferent English novels have been written in quiet parsonages and country-houses, and the most pleasing parts of them are those in which the author describes the fields that he wanders in or the garden he loves. Besides, every Englishman in easy circumstances makes a point of taking his annual holiday, and passes it in the Alps, by the sea, or in the Highlands. While the Frenchman, or the Parisian at least, is content, like Paul de Kock, to adore the *coiteaux* of the Seine or the woods of the *banlieue*. Exceedingly pretty in their way, no doubt; but where the turf is strewn with orange-peel and the fragments of *brioches*; where you gallop on donkeys as on Hampstead Heath; and where the notes of the singing-birds are lost in the shrieks from some boisterous French counterpart of kiss-in-the-ring. The Cockney artists have their colony at Fontainebleau; and it would be well if their brothers the novelists had some suburban school of the kind. But not to mention George Sand for the present, who sunned herself in the beauties of nature with the genuine transports of sympathetic

appreciation, there are always a few delightful exceptions; for the French artist, when he cares for the country at all, can paint it with a rare refinement of grace. There is Gabriel Ferry, who is the traveller of romance; there is Edmund About, who showed his cosmopolitan versatility in making Hymettus and the Roman Campagna as real to his countrymen as their Mont Valérien or the Plain of St. Denis; there was Dumas, whose lively "*Impressions de Voyage*" are as likely to live as anything he has written, but who, unfortunately, with his vivid power of imagination, is never absolutely to be trusted. They say that, having described his scenes in the "Peninsula of Sinai" at second hand from the notes of a friend, he was so captivated by the seductions of his fanciful sketches, as to decide at once on a visit to the convent. There are MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, in such a book especially as their "*Maison Forestière*;" there is Sandeau, to whom we have already made allusion; and last, though not least, there is André Theuriet. M. Theuriet, although much admired in France — and that says something for the good taste and discrimination of his countrymen — is, we fancy, but little read in England. Yet, putting the exquisite finish of his simple subjects out of the question, no one is a more fascinating guide and companion to the nooks and sequestered valleys in the French woodlands. We know nothing more pleasing than the bits in his "*Raymonde*," beginning with the episode of the mushroom-hunter among his mushrooms; and there are things that are scarcely inferior in his latest story.

France was the natural birthplace of the sensational novel, and the sensational novel as naturally associates itself with the names and fame of Sue and Dumas. Whatever their faults, these writers exercised an extraordinary fascination, abroad as well as at home, and their works lost little or nothing in the translation. We should be ungrateful if we did not acknowledge the debt we owed them, for awakening in us the keenest interest and sentiment in days when the mind is most impressionable. We did not read Sue for his political and social theories, nor Balzac for his psychological analysis. We saw no glaring improbabilities in the achievements of Dumas' "Three Musketeers;" though we did resent the table of proportion which made a musketeer equal to two of the cardinal's guards, and a cardinal's guardman to two Englishmen. We preferred such a soul-thrilling story as the "History

of the Thirteen," to "Balthazar Claes" or the "*Peau de Chagrin*;" but we devoured very indiscriminately all the great French romances of the day; and thousands and tens of thousands of our youthful countrymen paid a similarly practical tribute to the powers of the Frenchmen who undoubtedly for a time filled the foremost places in the ranks of the novelist's guild in Europe. Eugene Sue had seen something of the world before he settled to literature and took up his residence in Paris. He began life as an army surgeon, and subsequently he served in the navy. He broke ground with the sea pieces, which gave good promise of his future career; but he made a positive furor by his publication of the "Mysteries of Paris," which had been honored with an introduction through the columns of the *Débats* — to be followed by "The Wandering Jew" and "Martin the Foundling." Sue possessed, in exaggeration and excess, the most conspicuous qualities we have attributed to the French novelists. His imagination was rather inflamed than merely warm. In the resolution with which he laid his hands upon social sores he anticipated the harsh realism of Zola. His construction was a triumph of intricate ingenuity; and he never contented himself with a mere handful of characters, who might be managed and manœuvred with comparative ease. On the contrary, he worked his involved machinery by a complication — by wheels within wheels; and his characters were multiplied beyond all precedent. The action of his novels is as violent as it is sustained; yet the interest is seldom suffered to flag. He is always extravagant, and often absurdly so; and yet — thanks to the pace at which he hurries his readers along — he has the knack of imprinting a certain *vraisemblance* on everything. Not unfrequently, as with Victor Hugo, the grandiose with Sue is confounded with the ludicrous, — as where, in that wonderful prologue to "The Wandering Jew," the male and female pilgrims of misery part on the confines of the opposite continents, and, nodding their leave-taking across the frozen straits, turn on their heels respectively, and stride away over the snow-fields. It is easy enough to put that hyperdramatic incident in a ridiculous light; and yet it is more than an effort to laugh when you are reading it. And so it is in some degree with the adventures of Rudolph and his faithful Murphy in the "Mysteries of Paris." For a man who knows anything practically of the science of the ring, and of the indispensable handi-

capping of light weights and heavy weights, it is impossible to believe that his slightly-made Serene Highness could knock the formidable *maitre d'école* out of time with a couple of well-planted blows. Nor do we believe it; and yet somehow we follow the adventures of Rudolph with the lively curiosity that comes of a faith in him, though improbabilities are heightened by his habit of intoxicating himself on the vitriolized alcohol of the most poverty-stricken *cabarets*. Sue understood the practice of contrast, though he exaggerated in that as in everything else. As Rudolph would leave his princely residence in disguise to hazard himself in the modern *Cours des Miracles*, so we are hurried from the dens of burglars and the homes of the deserving poor to *petites maisons* and halls of dazzling light, hung with the rarest paintings and richest tapestries, and deadened to the footfall by the softest carpets. Dramatic suggestions naturally arose out of such violently impressive situations. Vice could work its criminal will, while innocence and virtue were bribed or coerced. Then these social inequalities lent themselves naturally to the socialist teachings of his later years; and the fortunate proprietor of a magnificent château expatiated, with the eloquence of honest indignation, on the atrocious disparities of class and caste. Sue had his reward in his lifetime in the shape of money and fame; and though his novels have almost ceased to be read, his influence survives, and, as we fear, is likely to live.

Dumas was a more remarkable man than Sue, — with his inexhaustible and insatiable capacity for work, and an imagination that was unflagging within certain limits. He was happy in the combination, so rare in a Frenchman, of an iron frame and excellent health, with as strong literary inspiration and an equally robust fancy. If he was vain to simplicity, and provoked ridicule and rebuffs, it must be confessed that he had some reason for vanity; and it was on the principle of *Pandace, et toujours de Pandace*, that he made hosts of friends in high places, and a really remarkable position. As his witty son undutifully observed of him, he was capable of getting up behind his own carriage, that he might make society believe that he kept a black footman. He was the typical Frenchman in many respects, and above all, the typical French romance-writer. He had actually a vast store of miscellaneous and desultory reading of the lighter kind; he mingled freely in society with all manner of men and women; he had a good though singu-

larly unreliable memory, which he professed to trust on all occasions. Nothing is more naively characteristic of the man than a confession he makes, involuntarily, in the amusing little volume he entitles "*Mes Bêtes*." He is explaining and justifying his marvellous facility of production. He attributes it to the fact that he never forgets anything, and need waste none of his precious time in hunting through his bookshelves. And by way of illustration, in the next two or three pages he makes several most flagrant historical blunders. That gives one the measure of his accuracy in the series of historical romances from which so many people have taken all they know of French history in the days of the League and the Fronde. Yet if the narrative is a wonderful travesty of actual events — if the portraits of Valois and Guises are as false to the originals as the Louis XI. of Scott and Victor Hugo is faithful — the scenes are none the less vividly dramatic; while the conversation or the gossip amuses us just as much as if they did not abound in errors and anachronisms. His "*Monte Christo*" had all the gorgeous extravagance of an Eastern tale, though the scenes passed in the latitudes of Paris and the Mediterranean; and we may see how the ideas grew in the conception, although, characteristically, the author never had patience to go back to correct his discrepancies in proportion. The treasure of the Roman cardinals that was concealed in the cavern, though enough to tempt the cupidity of a mediæval pope, would never have sufficed to the magnificent adventurer through more than some half-dozen years. Yet, after lavishing gold and priceless gems by the handful, when we take leave of Monte Christo at last, he is still many times a French millionaire; and the probabilities otherwise have been so well preserved, that, as in the case of Eugene Sue, we have never thought of criticising.

But one of Dumas' most original ideas took an eminently practical direction. His unprecedented energy and power of work made him absolutely insatiable in producing. So he showed speculative invention as well as rare originality in constituting himself the director of a literary workshop on a very extensive scale. Other authors, like MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, have gone into literary partnership, and a curious puzzle it is as to how they distribute their responsibility. But it was reserved for Dumas to engage a staff of capable yet retiring *collaborateurs*, as other men employ clerks and amanuenses. His vanity, sensitive as it was, stooped to his standing

sponsor to the inferior workmanship of M. Auguste Macquet et Cie. The books might be of unequal merit — some of them were drawn out to unmistakable dullness — yet none were so poor as to be positively discreditable. And the strange thing was, that they took their color from the mind of the master, as they closely indicated his characteristic style. While to this day, notwithstanding the disclosures of the lawsuits that gratified the jealousy of his enemies and rivals, we are left in very considerable doubt as to the parts undertaken by the different performers.

It was a notion that could never have occurred to Victor Hugo. No French author lends himself so easily to parody; and a page or two of high-flown phrases, where the sense is altogether lost in the sound, may provoke a smile as a clever imitation. But though Hugo is always reminding us of the line, that "Great wits are sure to madness near allied," he really is a great wit, a profound thinker, a magnificent writer, and, above all, an extraordinary dramatic genius. Although, latterly, there is almost as much that is absurd in what he has written as in what he has said, there is nothing about him that is mean or little. He has the conscience and enthusiasm of his art as of his political convictions. And we could as soon conceive some grand sculptor leaving the noble figure his genius has blocked out to be finished by the clumsy hands of his apprentices, as Hugo handing over his ideas to the manipulation of his most sympathetic disciples. He at least, among contemporary Frenchmen, rises to the ideal of the loftiest conceptions, and yet his noblest characters are strictly conceivable. Take, for example, the trio in the tale of the "*Quatre-vingt-treize*" — Lanthenac, Gauvain, and the stern republican Cimourdain, who sits calmly discoursing, on the eve of the execution, with the beloved pupil he has condemned to the guillotine. In romance as in the drama, Hugo sways the feelings with the strength and confidence of a giant, exulting in his intellectual superiority. It is true that he not unfrequently overtasks himself — sometimes his scenes are too thrillingly terrible — sometimes they border on the repulsive, and very frequently on the grotesque. Yet even the grotesque, in the hands of Hugo, may be made, as we have seen, extremely pathetic; and the pathos is artistically heightened by some striking effect of contrast. The Quasimodo in his "*Notre Dame*" is a soulless and deformed monster, who resents the outrages of a brutal

age by regarding all men, save one, with intense malignity. His distorted features and deformed body provoke laughter, and consequently insult, so naturally, that, by merely showing his hideous face in a window-frame, he wins the honors of the *pape aux fous*. Yet what can be more moving than when, bound hand and foot in the pillory, the helpless mute rolls his solitary eye in search of some sympathy among the jeering mob? or the change that works itself in his dull feelings when the graceful Esmeralda comes to quench his thirst with the water she raises to his blackened lips? Hugo is essentially French in his follies as well as his powers; his political dreams are as wild as they might be dangerous: yet he is an honor to his country, not only by his genius, but by the habitual consecration of his wonderful gifts to what he honestly believes to be the noblest purposes.

Neither Balzac nor Sand will be soon replaced. For the former, it is seldom in the history of literature that we can look for so keen and subtle an analyst of the passions, frailties, and follies of humanity. In the everyday business of life he showed a strange lack of common sense; but fortunately for his contemporaries and posterity, he had the intelligence to recognize his vocation. What a range of varied and absorbing interest — of searching and suggestive philosophical speculation — of shrewd, incisive, satirical observation — would have been lost to the world if the eccentric author of the "*Comédie Humaine*" had been forced to take his place among the notaries he found reason so heartily to detest! The originality of his manner of regarding men was as great as the spasmodic *élan* of his energy was tremendous, when his necessities felt the spur, and his fancies fell in with his necessities. Balzac dashed off his books by inspiration, if ever novelist did. What varied profundity of original thought, what delicate refinements of mental analysis, often go to a single chapter! The arrangement of ideas is as lucid as the language is precise and vigorous. Yet we know that when Balzac locked his door for more than a round of the clock, fillying the nerves and flagging brain with immoderate doses of the strongest coffee, the pen must have been flying over the paper. His vast reserves of reflection and observation place themselves at his disposal almost without an effort; and the characters were sketched in faithful detail by the penetrating instinct whose perceptions were so infallible.

George Sand has been more missed than

Balzac, because she could vary her subjects and manner to suit almost every taste. Universally read, she was universally admired; and she pleased the fastidious as she entertained the many. An accomplished mistress of the graces of style, her language was wonderfully nervous and flexible. In her way she was almost as much of a poet as Hugo, though her poetry was lyric and idyllic in place of epic. She could never have written so well and so long had she not had an individuality of extraordinary versatility. In a romance of the passions like her "Indiana" or her "Jacques," she is as thoroughly at home as Balzac himself; while she throws herself into the feminine parts with all the sympathetic ardor of a nature semi-tropical like Indiana's. While in such a story as the "*Flammarande*," which was her latest work, and in which she showed not the faintest symptom of decline, she confines herself severely to the character of the half-educated steward, rejecting all temptations to indulge herself in the vein of her personality. For once, though the scenes are laid in most romantic landscapes, we have none of the inimitable descriptions in which she delights. She merely indicates the picturesque surroundings of the solitary castle in the rocky wilderness, leaving it to our imagination to fill in the rest. What she could do in the way of painting, when sitting down to a favorite study she gave herself over to her bent, we see in the "*Petite Fadette*," "*La Mare d'Auteuil*," "*Nanette*," and a score of similar stories. The simplest materials served for the tale, which owed half its charm to her affection for the country. The woman who had wandered about the streets of Paris in masculine attire, who had a strong dash of the city Bohemian in her nature, who loved in after-life to fill her *salons* with all who were most famous in literature and the arts, was never so happy as when living in *villeggiatura* among the fields and the woodlands she had loved from childhood. The old mill with its lichen-grown gables and venerable wheel; the pool among flags and sedges, sleeping under the shadows of the alders; the brook tumbling down in tiny cascades and breaking over the moss-covered boulders; nay, the tame stretch of low-lying meadow land, with its sluices and clumps of formal poplars, — all stand out in her pages, like landscapes by Ruysdael or Hobbema. And we believe that these simple though exquisitely finished pictures will survive, with a peasant or two and a village maiden for the figures in their foregrounds, when

more pretentious works, that nevertheless deserved their success, have been forgotten with the books that have been honored by the Academy.

Among the most prolific of the novelists who have died no long time ago, — hardly excepting Dumas, Balzac, or Sand, — and who have been largely read by our middle-aged contemporaries, is our old acquaintance Paul de Kock. Paul de Kock had a bad name for his immorality, and doubtless in a measure he deserved it. It is certain that if an expurgated edition of his voluminous works were collected for English family reading, it would shrink into comparatively modest proportions. But Paul, with all his faults and freedoms, did very little harm, and certainly he afforded a great deal of amusement. He was guilty of none of these insidious attacks on morality which have been the *spécialité* of some of his most notorious successors. He never tasked the resources of a depraved imagination in refining on those sins which scandalize even sinners. He never wrapped up in fervid and graceful language those subtle and foul suggestions that work in the system like slow poison. He was really the honest *bourgeois* which M. Zola gives himself out to be. He boldly advertised his wares for what they were, and manufactured and multiplied them according to sample. He sold a somewhat coarse and strong-flavored article, but at least he guaranteed it from unsuspected adulteration. He painted the old Paris of the *bourgeoisie* and the students just as it was. If there was anything in the pictures to scandalize one, so much the worse for Paris, and *honi soit qui mal y voit*. The young and sprightly wives of elderly husbands immersed in their commerce, the susceptible daughters of officers and *rentiers* in retreat, were not so particular in their conduct as they might be. The students and gay young men about town were decidedly loose in their walk and conversation; and the *grisettes* keeping house in their garrets, away from the maternal eye, behaved according to their tastes and kind. Paul never stopped to pick his own phrases, and he frankly called a spade a spade. In short, he took his society as he saw it under his eye; dwelt for choice on the lighter and sunnier side, and laughed and joked through the life he enjoyed so heartily. In all his works you see the signs of his jovial temper and admirable digestion. He tells a capital story himself of his breakfasting on one occasion with Dumas the younger; when the ris-

ing author of the "*Dame aux Camellias*" gave himself the condescending airs of the fashionable *petit maître*. Dumas was pretending then to live on air, and trifled delicately with one or two of the lighter dishes. De Kock, on the contrary, who saw through his man, devoured everything, even surpassing the performances of the paternal Dumas; and finally scandalized his young acquaintance by calling for a second portion of plum-pudding *au rhum*. And all his favorite heroes have the same powerful digestion and the same capacity for hearty enjoyment. There is a superabundance of vitality and vivacity in his writings. When he takes his *grisettes* and their lovers out for a holiday, he enters into their pleasures heart and soul. Yet Paul de Kock, though somewhat coarse in the fibre, with literary tastes that were far from refined, was evidently capable of higher things; and the most boisterous of his books are often redeemed from triviality by interludes of real beauty and pathos. He was the countryman turned Parisian, and he held to the one existence and the other. He frequented the boulevards, but he lived at Romainville. As the cockney artist, transferring the natural beauties of the environs of a great city to his pages, peopling the suburban woods with troops of merry-makers in the manner of a *bourgeois* Watteau, he has never been excelled. Yet now and again he will give us a powerful "bit" of slumbering beauties in the actual country, with the freshness and fidelity of a George Sand. Nothing can be more delicate than the touches in which he depicts the repentance and expiation of some woman who has "stooped to folly;" and there are stories in which he describes a promising career ruined by thoughtless extravagance and dissipation, which are the more valuable as practical sermons that they may have been read by those who might possibly profit by them.

It is seldom that a novelist who has made a great name decides to retire upon his reputation in the full vigor of his powers; and it is seldom that a journalist who has come to the front in fiction falls back upon journalism while still in the full flush of success. Yet that has been the case with Edmund About, and very surprising it seems. It is true that he has the special talents of the journalist—a lucid and incisive style—a keen vein of satire—a logical method of marshalling and condensing arguments, and the faculty in apparent conviction of making the worse seem the better reason. As a political

pamphleteer he stood unrivalled among his contemporaries; and the opening sentence of his "*Question Romaine*" might in itself have floated whole chapters of dulness. Had he hoped to make journalism the stepping-stone to high political place or influence, we could have understood him better. But he is lacking in the qualities that make a successful politician, and we fancy he knows that as well as anybody. The very versatility that might have multiplied his delightful novels, portended his failure as a public man. While personally it must surely yield more lively pleasure to let the fancy range through the fields of imagination, or to curb it with the consciousness of power in obedience to critical instincts. We can conceive no more satisfying earthly enjoyment to a man of *esprit* than exercising an originality so inexhaustible as that of About, with the sense of a very extraordinary facility in arresting fugitive impressions for the delight of your readers. His fancy appears to be never at fault in evoking combinations as novel as effective; and he had the art of mingling the grave with the gay with a pointed sarcasm, that was irresistibly piquant. "*Tolla*" was a social satire on the habits of the long-descended Roman nobility, as the "*Question Romaine*" was a satire on the administration of the popes. But the satire was softened by an engaging picture of the simple heroine, and by admirable sketches of the domestic life in the gloomy interior of one of the poverty-stricken Roman palaces. It was relieved by brilliant photographs of the Campagna and Sabine hills, with shepherds in their sheepskins, shaggy buffaloes, savage hounds, ruined aqueducts, huts of reeds, vineyards, oliveyards, gardens of wild-flowers, fountains overgrown with mosses and maidenhair, and all the rest of it. "*Le Roi des Montagnes*" presented in a lively form the solid information of "*La Grèce Contemporaine*:" you smell the beds of the wild thyme on the slopes of Hymettus; you hear the hum of the bees as they swarm round the hives of the worthy peasant-priest who takes his tithes where he finds them, even when they are paid by the brigands in his flocks. The satire of the story may be overcharged; yet if it be caricature, the caricature is by no means extravagant, when we remember that the leaders of oppositions in the Greek Assembly have been implicated in intrigues with the assassins of the high-roads. About is always treading on the extreme of the original, yet he has seldom gone beyond the bounds of the admissible;

and his most pathetic or tragic plots are lightened by something that is laughable. As in his "*Germaine*" where the murderer engaged by Germaine's rival goes to work and fails, because the consumptive beauty, under medical advice, has been accustoming herself to the deadly poison he administers. The same idea appears in "*Monte Christo*," where Noirtier prepares his granddaughter Valentine against the machinations of her stepmother, the modern Brinvilliers. But in the scene by Dumas, everything is sombre; whereas About so ludicrously depicts the disappointment and surprise of the poisoner, that we smile even in the midst of our excitement and anxiety. While his humor, with its fine irony and mockery, has one of the choicest qualities of wit by astonishing us with the most unexpected turns; landing the characters easily in the most unlikely situations, in defiance of their principles, prejudices, and convictions. As in "*Trente et Quarante*" where the swearing and grumbling veteran who detests play as he detests a *pékin*, finds himself the centre of an excited circle of gamblers behind an accumulating pile of gold and bank-notes, and in the vein of luck that is breaking the tables.

About writes like a man of the world, and though he is by no means strait-laced in his treatment of the passions, his tone is thoroughly sound and manly; in striking contrast to the sickly and unwholesome sentimentality of Ernest Feydeau, whose "*Fanny*" made so great a sensation on its appearance. "A study," the author was pleased to call it, and a profitable study it was. With an ingenuity of special pleading that might have been employed to better purpose, he invoked our sympathies for the unfortunate lover who saw the lady's husband preferred to himself. Apparently unconsciously on the part of the author, the hero represents himself as contemptible a being as can well be conceived. Morality apart, the rawest of English novel-writers must have felt so maudlin and effeminate a character would never go down with his readers; and had the admirer of "*Fanny*" been put upon the stage at any one of our theatres in White-chapel or the New Cut, he would have been hooted off by the roughs of the gallery. It is by no means to the credit of the French that, in spite of the unflattering portraiture of one of the national types, the book obtained so striking a success. But there is no denying the prostituted art by which the author instinctively addresses himself to the worst predilections of his

countrymen; nor the audacity which hazarded one scene in particular, pronounced by his admirers to be the most effective of all, which, to our insular minds, is simply disgusting.

Flaubert's great masterpiece excited even more sensation than Feydeau's; and it deserved to do so. Flaubert is likewise one of the apostles of the impure, but he is at the same time among the first of social realists. He addresses himself almost avowedly to the senses and not to the feelings. He treats of love in its physiological aspects, and indulges in the minutest analysis of the grosser corporeal sensations. In intelligence and accomplishments, as well as literary skill, he was no ordinary man. He had read much and even studied profoundly; he had travelled far, keeping his eyes open, and had made some reputation in certain branches of science. He wrote his "*Madame Bovary*" deliberately in his maturity; and the notoriety which carried him with it into the law-courts, made him a martyr in a society that was by no means fastidious. In gratitude for forensic services rendered, he dedicated a new edition of it to M. Marie Antoine Sénard, who had once been president of the National Assembly, and who died *bâtonnier* of the Parisian bar. The venerable advocate and politician seems to have accepted the compliment as it was intended. And seldom before, perhaps, has an author concentrated such care and thought on a single work. Each separate character is wrought out with an exactness of elaboration to which the painting of the Dutch school is sketchy and superficial. Those who fill the humblest parts, or who are merely introduced to be dismissed, are made as much living realities to us as Madame Bovary herself or her husband Charles. Flaubert goes beyond Balzac in the accumulation of details, which often become tedious as they appear irrelevant. Yet it is clear in the retrospect that the effects have been foreseen, and we acknowledge some compensation in the end in the vivid impressions the author has made on us. His descriptions of inanimate objects are equally minute, from the ornaments and furniture in the rooms to the stones in the village house fronts, and the very bushes in the garden. He looks at nature like a land-surveyor, as he inspects men and women like a surgeon, without a touch of imagination, not to speak of poetry. In fact, he proposes to set the truth before everything, and we presume he does so to the best of his conviction. Yet what is the result of his

varied experience and very close observation? We have always believed that in the world at large there is some preponderance of people who, on the whole, seem agreeable, and that the worst of our fellow-creatures have their redeeming qualities. According to M. Flaubert, not a bit of it. He treats mankind harshly, as Swift did, without the excuses of a savage temper fretted by baffled ambitions. M. Flaubert goes to his work as cruelly and imperturbably as the Scotch surgeon in the pirate ship, who is said to have claimed a negro as his share of the prey, that he might practise on the wretch in a series of operations. He makes everybody either repulsive or ridiculous. We say nothing of his heroine, who is a mere creature of the senses, loving neither husband, nor lovers, nor child; although such monstrosities as Emma must be rare, and we may doubt if they have ever existed. An ordinary writer, or we may add, a genuine artist, would have at least sought to contrast Madame Bovary with softer and more kindly specimens of her species. Nor had M. Flaubert to seek far to do that. Madame Bovary's husband was ready to his hand. Charles is dull, and his habits are ridiculous; but he had sterling qualities, and an attachment for his wife, which might have made him an object of sympathy or even of affection. M. Flaubert characteristically takes care that he shall be neither; he consistently pursues the same system throughout; so we say advisedly that that realistic work of his is actually gross caricature and misrepresentation. A man who undertakes to reproduce human nature in a comprehensive panorama, might as well choose the whole of his subjects in Madame Tussaud's chamber of horrors. And if we must give Flaubert credit for extreme care in his work, we have equal cause to congratulate him on the rare harmony of his execution. For he invariably expatiates by choice on what is either absurd or revolting, whether it is the untempting M. Bovary awaking of a morning with his ruffled hair falling over his sodden features from under his cotton nightcap; or madame ending her life in the agonies of poisoning, with blackened tongue and distorted limbs, and other details into which we prefer not to follow him.

Adolphe Belot's "*Femme de Feu*" is a romance of sensual passion like "*Madame Bovary*," though it has little of Gustave Flaubert's consummate precision of detail. On the other hand, there is far more fire and *entrain*, and if the scenery shows less

of the photograph, it is infinitely more picturesque. Sprightly cleverness is the characteristic of the book — though there, too, we have a poisoning and horrors enough. The very title is a neat *double entendre*. The *femme de feu* takes her *petit nom* from a scene where she is seen bathing by starlight in a thunderstorm, when the crests of the surge are illumined by the electricity, and the billows are sparkling as they break around her. The light-hearted married gentleman who christened her so poetically, protests against intending any impeachment on her morals. As it turns out, he might have called her so for any other reason, without libelling her in the slightest degree. The whole book is consistently immoral; and debasing, besides, in its tone and tendency. It is commonplace so far, that this *femme de feu* captivates our old acquaintance, the grave and severe member of the French magistracy who goes swathed in parchments, and ostentatiously holds aloof from all sympathy with the frailties of his fellow-mortals. We must grant, we suppose, that Lucien d'Aubier ceases to be responsible for his actions when, falling under the spells of the *femme de feu*, he is swept off his legs in a tornado of emotions. But though a gentleman may be hurried by passion into crime, he must always as to certain social conventionalities be controlled in some degree by his honorable instincts. It is difficult for an Englishman to conceive the *égarement* which would tempt a high-bred man of good company to make deliberate preparations for imitating Peeping Tom of Coventry; and if the author forced him into so false a position, it would be done at all events with a protest and an explanation. It is highly characteristic of M. Belot and his school, that he thinks neither protest nor explanation necessary. The magistrate bores a *trou-fudas* in the partition of a bathing cabinet; and walks out holding himself as erect as before. And his stooping to that is merely a preparation for still more disgraceful compromises with his conscience in the course of his married existence with the *femme de feu*. Had the scene been acted at a watering-place on this side of the Channel, we should have pronounced the story as incredible as it is immoral. Being laid in the latitudes of the bathing establishments on the Breton coast, we can only say that it is thoroughly French; and that M. Belot and his countrymen seem entirely to understand each other.

It is refreshing to turn from Flaubert and Belot to such a writer as Jules San-

deau. "Madeline" is as innocently charming as Madame Bovary is the reverse. It is the difference between the atmosphere of the dissecting-room and of primrose banks in the spring; and the French Academy, by the way, did itself honor by crowning the modest graces of Sandeau's book. M. Sandeau shows no lack of knowledge of the world; but he passes lightly by the shadows on its shady side, resting by preference on simplicity and virtue. Young Maurice de Valtravers, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, is hurrying post-haste to the devil. Wearing of the dullness of the paternal château, he has longed to wing a wider flight. He soon succeeds in singeing his pinions, and has come crippled to the ground. There seems no hope for him: he is the victim of remorse, with neither courage nor energy left to redeem the past in the future; and he has found at last a miserable consolation in the deliberate resolution to commit suicide. When his cousin Madeline, who has loved him in girlhood, comes to his salvation as a sister and an angel of mercy, with the rare sensibility of a loving woman, she understands the appeals that are most likely to serve her. She comes as a suppliant, and prevails on him at least to put off self-destruction till her future is assured. It proves in the end that, by a pious fraud, she has presented herself as a beggar when she was really rich. That she resigns herself to a life of privation, supporting herself by the labor of her hands, is the least part of her sacrifice. She has stooped to appear selfish, in the excess of her generosity. Maurice swears, grumbles, and victimizes himself. But the weeds that have been flourishing in the vitiated soil, die down one by one in that heavenly atmosphere. Madeline's sacrifices have their reward in this world as in the other: and she wins the hand of the cousin, whom she has loved in her innermost heart, as the prize of her prayers and her matchless devotion. Once only, as it appears to us, M. Sandeau shows the cloven foot unconsciously and inconsistently. Maurice, in his evil self-communings, reproaches himself with living as a brother and a saint in the society of so young and charming a woman. And to do him justice, he needs a supreme effort of courage when he decides to approach his cousin with dishonorable proposals. Madeline receives him in such a manner, that, without her uttering a word of reproach, the offender never offends again. But our nature is not so forgiving as hers: and we think the unpleasant scene is a

blemish on a work that otherwise comes very near to perfection. For it is not on the story alone that "Madeline" repays perusal; and every here and there we come upon a passage that is as pregnant with practical philosophy as anything in Montaigne or La Rochefoucauld.

Charles de Bernard laid himself out like Flaubert to seek his subjects and characters in exceptional types. But unlike Flaubert, in place of painting *en noir*, Bernard loved to look on the comic side of everything; and he laughs so joyously over the eccentricities of his kind, that it is difficult not to chime into the chorus; while Prosper Mérimée, with as prolific a fancy as any one, indulged the singularity he seemed so proud of, by curbing the *élans* ostentatiously. He studied austere and extreme simplicity; his style was as pure as it was cold and self-restrained; and his mirth has always a suspicion of the sneer in it. He never displayed such serene self-complacency as when he had played a successful practical joke in one of his inimitable mystifications. Like Mérimée, with whom otherwise he has hardly a point in common, Jules Claretie, as we have said, has merely taken to novel-writing among many kindred pursuits. He interests himself in politics, and writes daily leaders indefatigably; he is a critic of all tastes, who visits in turn the theatres, the art-galleries, and the parlors of the publishers. Consequently, he places himself at a disadvantage with those of his competitors who concentrate their minds on the fiction of the moment, and live sleeping and waking with the creations of their brain, till these become most vivid personalities to them. Claretie's works are extremely clever,—in parts and in particular scenes they are even powerful; but the incidents are wanting in continuity as the characters are vague in their outlines. They give one the idea, and it is probably not an unjust one, of a man who makes a dash at his brushes when he finds some unoccupied hours; who plunges ahead in a flow of ready improvisation, till the fancy flags for the time, or he is brought up by some more urgent engagement. When he returns to the work on the next occasion, naturally he has to re-knot the threads of his ideas. What goes far towards confirming our theory, is the exceptional freedom from such faults in "*Le Renégat*," which, we believe, was his last work but one. In "*The Renegade*," Claretie placed himself on a *terrain* where he knew every yard of the ground—that is to say, he was in the very centre of those hot polem-

ics which preceded the decline and fall of the empire. We do not say that Michel Berthier was intended for a portrait or for a libel. But such a type of the time-server, who was tempted to his fall by the talents on which he had hoped to trade, was by no means uncommon; and the siren who seduced him, the veteran courtier who tickled him, the purse-proud *nouveaux riches*, and the Republicans made fanatical by prosecutions and condemnations, were all figures with whom the author had familiarized himself, by hearsay if not by actual intercourse. His very scenes may have been repeatedly acted, with no great differences, under his eyes: although his talent must have remoulded and recast them in novel and more piquant shapes. We say nothing of Michel Berthier's leave-taking of his mistress Lia, and of the tragic episode when the miserable young woman drags herself back to die of the poison under the roof of the man she had adored. That scene, although not unaffecting, savors too strongly of the melodramatic; and at best it is *banal*, to borrow a French phrase. But there is great power in the situation where the saintly Pauline, who will retire into a convent to the despair of her father, silences the pleadings of the broken-hearted man by quoting those seductive pictures of the cloister life which had been written by his own too eloquent pen. Yet, though the situation is striking, it has its weak point; and it is impossible to imagine so careful a writer as Flaubert or Daudet, permitting a girl, perfect as Pauline, to be guilty of so cold-blooded a piece of cruelty as the abandonment of a parent by his only child to mourn her memory while she is still alive to him.

It is nearly six years since the death of Emile Gaboriau, and no one has succeeded as yet in imitating him even tolerably, though he had struck into a line that was as profitable as it was popular. We are not inclined to overrate Gaboriau's genius, for genius he had of a certain sort. We have said in another article that his system was less difficult than it seems, since he must have worked his puzzles out *en revers*, — putting them together with an eye to pulling them to pieces. But his originality in his own *genre* is unquestionable, though in the main conception of his romances he took Edgar Poe for his model. But Gaboriau embellished and improved on the workmanship of the morbid American. The murders of the Rue Morgue and the other stories of the sort are hard and dry *procès-verbals*, where the crime is every-

thing, and the people go for little, except in so far as their antecedents enlighten the detection. With Gaboriau, on the other hand, we have individuality in each character, and animation as well as coarser excitement in the story. The dialogue is lively, and always illustrative. Perhaps Gaboriau has had but indifferent justice done to him, because he betook himself to a style of romance which was supposed to be the specialty of police-reporters and penny-a-liners. His readers were inclined to take it for granted that his criminals were mere stage villains, and that his police-agents, apart from their infallible *flair*, were such puppets as one sets in motion in a melodrama. The fact being that they are nothing of the kind. Extreme pains have been bestowed on the more subtle traits of the personages by which, while being tracked, examined, or tried, they are compromised, condemned, or acquitted. Read Gaboriau carefully as you will, it is rarely indeed that you find a flaw in the meshes of the intricate nets he has been weaving. Or, to change the metaphor, the springs of the complicated action, packed away as they are, the one within the other, are always working in marvellous harmony towards the appointed end. The ingenuity of some of his combinations and suggestions is extraordinary; and we believe his works might be very profitable reading to public prosecutors as well as intelligent detectives. His Maître Le-coq and his Père Tabouret have ideas which would certainly not necessarily occur to the most *rusé* practitioner of the Rue Jerusalem; and they do not prove their astuteness by a single happy thought. On the contrary, the stuff of their nature is that of the heaven-born detective, who is an observer from temperament rather than from habit, and who draws his mathematical deductions from a comparison of the most trivial signs. The proof that Gaboriau's books are something more than the vulgar *feuilleton* of the *Police News*, is that most of them will bear reading again, though the sensations of the *dénouement* have been anticipated. In reading for the second time, we read with a different but a higher interest. Thus in the "*L'affaire Lerouge*," for example, there is an admirable mystification. The respectable and admirably conducted Noel Gerdy, who has coolly committed a brutal murder, plays the hypocrite systematically to such perfection that we can understand the famous amateur detective being his familiar intimate without entertaining a suspicion as to his nature and habits. The dis-

closure having been made, and Noel fatally compromised, the circumstances strike you as carrying improbability on the face of them; so you read again and are severely critical in the expectation of catching M. Gaboriau tripping. And we believe, by the way, that in that very novel we have come upon the only oversight with which we can reproach him, although it is not in the history of Noel's intimacy with Père Tabouret. It is a missing fragment of a foil, which is one of the most deadly *pièces de conviction* against the innocent Viscount de Commarin; and the fragment, so far as we can remember, is never either traced or accounted for. But exceptions of this kind only prove the rule; and when we think how the author has varied and multiplied the startling details in his criminal plots, we must admit that his fertility of invention is marvellous. The story of the "*Petit Vieux des Batignolles*," the last work he wrote, though short and slight, was by no means the least clever. One unfortunate habit he had, which may perhaps be attributed to considerations of money. He almost invariably lengthened and weakened his novels by some long-winded digression, which was at least as much episodal as explanatory. When the interest was being driven along at high-pressure pace, he would blow off the steam all of a sudden, and shunt his criminals and detectives on to a siding, while, going back among his personages for perhaps a generation, he tells us how all the circumstances had come about.

No less remarkable in his way is Jules Verne; and the way of Verne is wonderful indeed. He has recast the modern novel in the shape of "The Fairy Tales" of science, and combined scientific edification with the maddest eccentricity of excitement. His, it must be allowed, is a very peculiar talent. It is difficult to picture a man of most quick and lively imagination resigning himself to elaborate scientific and astronomical calculations; cramming up his facts and figures from a library of abstruse literature, and pausing in the bursts of a flowing pen to consult the columns of statistics under his elbow. Thus these books of Verne are the strangest mixture, upsetting all the preconceived notions of the novel-reader, and diverting him in spite of himself from his confirmed habits. We read novels, as a rule, to be amused, and nothing else. But Verne not only undertakes to amuse us, but to carry us up an ascending scale of astounding sensations. It is on condition, however, that we consent to let ourselves be edu-

cated on subjects we have neglected with the indifference of ignorance. If we skip the scientific dissertations when we come to them, we break the continuity that gives interest to the story, and the ground goes gliding from beneath our feet as much as if the author had launched us on one of his flights among the stars. Now we are exploring the regions of space at a rate somewhere between that of sound and electricity; now we are diving into the caverns of ocean, among submarine forests and sea-monsters. And, again, we are at a standstill in mazes of figures, or picking our steps among primeval geological formations; and yet, though we have been, as it were, brought back to the lecture-room or the laboratory, we are still in a world of surprises and emotions, though the surprises are of a very different kind. Verne, of course, with all his skill, must abandon the novelist's chief means of influence. His books are so far the reverse of real as to be the very quintessence of impossible extravagance. We may bring ourselves to believe, for a moment, in the marvels of an Aladdin's cave; for we can hardly recognize a physical objection to precious stones being magnified to an indefinite size. Even the credibility of a loadstone island, that draws the bolts out of the ship's timbers, may seem a mere question of force and mass. But the judgment, even under a trance, refuses to expand to the possibility of a piece of ordnance, of nine hundred French feet in length, that is to shoot to the moon a projectile supposed to deliver a party of travellers. As a consequence, the writer sacrifices the interest of character, and the analysis of conceivable passions and emotions. A Barbicane — an Ardan — the explosive J. T. Maston — are in a category of creations far more fanciful than a Sindbad the Sailor, or a Captain Lemuel Gulliver. They are of the nature of the giants and ogres in the pantomime, who figure on the stage with the columbine in petticoats; and these are very evidently of a different order of beings from the girl who performs for a weekly salary. Verne was wise in his generation, in striking out a line which has assured him both notoriety and a handsome fortune. It says much for his original talent that he has had a remarkable success; and though we fancy he might have made a more lasting name in fiction, of a higher order and more enduring, yet, probably, he has never regretted his choice. Perhaps the most popular of all his stories is the "Tour of the World," which was rational by comparison to most

of the others. We happened to read it lately in a twenty-fourth edition; and we are afraid to say for how many successive nights the piece had its run at the Porte St. Martin. But the idea of making the round of the globe in eighty days was conceivably feasible, if it was rash to bet on it. The incidents that delayed the adventurous traveller might have happened—allowances made—to any man; and each of the separate combinations by which he surmounted them, goes hardly beyond the bounds of belief. The real weakness of the story is in what seems at first one of its chief attractions. The self-contained Mr. Phileas Fogg is actually more improbable than Ardan or Barbicane. The man who could keep his temper unruffled, his sleep unbroken, and his digestion unimpaired, under the most agitating disappointments and a perpetual strain, has nothing of human nature as we know it, and must have boasted a brain and nerves that were independent of physical laws. And yet, even in this inhuman conception, Verne shows what he might have been capable of had he consented to work under more commonplace conditions. For by his disinterested and generous Quixotry in action, Mr. Fogg gradually gains upon us, till we think that Mrs. Aouda was to be sincerely congratulated in being united to that impersonation of the *phlegme Britannique*.

Among the novelists who have set themselves emulously to work to scathe and satirize the society of the empire, Daudet and Zola take the foremost places. Of the former, we have nothing to say here, except incidentally in referring to Zola, since we lately noticed his novels at length. But there is this obvious difference between the men, that Daudet has the more refined perceptions of his art. He does not *afficher*, like Zola, a *mandat impératif* from his conscience to go about with the hook and the basket of the *chiffonnier*; to turn over the refuse of the slums without any respect for our senses; and to rake as a labor of love in the sediment of the Parisian sewerage. Daudet's social pictures are often cynical enough; but he knows when to *gazer*; and he shows self-restraint in passing certain subjects over in silence. While Zola, recognizing a mission that has assuredly never been inspired from above, makes himself the surveyor and reforming apostle of all that is most unclean. We have spoken of M. Zola's conscience, because he makes his conscience his standing apology. When the critics maliciously cast their mud at the spotless purity of his

intentions, he throws up his hands in meek protest. The prophets have been stoned in all the ages, and virtue and duty will always have their martyrs. His critics will insist on confounding him with the shameless *roué* whose depravity takes delight in the scenes he describes. How little they know the honest citizen, who is as regular in his habits as in his hours of labor! To our mind, by no avowal could he have condemned himself more surely than by that apology. We are half inclined to forgive a book like "*Faublas*" or "*Mademoiselle de Maupin*," flung off with the fire of an ardent temperament, full of the spirits of hot-blooded youth, and with some delicacy of tone in the worst of its indecencies. We have neither sympathy nor toleration for the cold-blooded philosopher who shuts himself up in the quiet privacy of his chamber to invent the monstrosities he subsequently dilates upon. He harps upon the conscience which we do not believe in. According to the most far-fetched view of that mission of his, he might be well content to paint what he has seen. Heaven knows he would find no lack of congenial subjects in the quarters where he has pushed his favorite researches. But such a scene as he has selected for the climax of the "*Curée*" is neither permissible by art nor admissible in decency. What we may say for it is, that it adds an appropriately finishing touch to the singularly revolting romance of the foulest corruption, that he has worked out so industriously and with such tender care. But his genius—for he has genius—is essentially grovelling. The Caliban of contemporary fiction never puts out his power so earnestly as when he is inhaling some atmosphere that would be blighting to refinement. His "*Assommoir*," from the first page to the last, is repulsive and shocking beyond description; and yet there is a sustained force in the book that makes it difficult to fling it away. But even the elasticity of Zola's principles and conscience can hardly cover the pruriency of the dramatic incident in the public washing-place.

It must be admitted that Zola has in large measure two of the most indispensable qualities of the successful novelist. He has supreme self-confidence and indefatigable industry. We have understood, as we have said before, that he devotes the mornings to his novels, and can count invariably upon "coming to time"! That we can easily understand. He gives us the idea of a thoroughly mechanical mind; and though his scenes may be profoundly

or disgustingly sensational, his style is sober, not to say tame. He lays himself out to make his impressions by reproducing, in sharp, clear touches, the pictures that have taken perfect shape in his brain. We cannot imagine his changing his pre-conceived plan in obedience to a happy impulse; and he seldom or never indulges in those brilliant flights that are suggested to the fancy in moments of inspiration. Indeed, if he were to take to lengthening his route—if he wasted time by wandering aside into footpaths, he would never arrive at his journey's end. For he has far to go if he is to reach his destination before time and powers begin to fail. He shows his self-confidence in the complacent assurance that the public will see him through his stupendous task, and continue to buy the promised volumes of the interminable memoirs of the Rougon-Macquart family. Writers like Mr. Anthony Trollope have kept us in the company of former acquaintances through several successive novels. There is a good deal to be said for the idea, and Mr. Trollope has been justified by its success. You have been gradually familiarized with the creations you meet with again and again; and writers and readers are relieved from the necessity of following the progress of each study of life from the incipient conception to the finish. But M. Zola has improved, or at least advanced on that idea. It is not the same people he presents to you again and again, but their children, grandchildren, and descendants to the third and fourth generation; so much so, that to his "*Page d'Amour*" he has prefixed the pedigree of the Rougon-Macquarts; and it was high time that he did something of the kind if we were not to get muddled in his family complications. Apropos to that, he announces that twelve volumes are to appear in addition to the eight that have already been published. Twenty volumes consecrated to those Rougon-Macquarts! Should literary industry go on multiplying at this rate, we may have some future English author "borrowing from the French," and giving himself *carte-blanche* for inexhaustible occupation in a prospectus of "The Fortunes of the Family of the Smiths." The Smiths would serve for the exhaustive illustration of our English life, as those Rougon-Macquarts for the ephemeral society of the empire.

In one respect M. Zola's political portraiture seems to us to be fairer than that of Daudet. Daudet in his "*Nabab*" invidiously misrepresents. There is no possibility of mistaking the intended iden-

tity of some of his leading personages, even by those who have been merely in front of the scenes. Yet he introduces scandalous or criminal incidents in their lives which we have every reason to believe are purely apocryphal. De Morny never died under the circumstances described; and the relations and friends of a famous English doctor have still more reason for protesting against a shameful libel. Zola makes no masked approaches; nor do we suppose that he panders to personal enmities. But he attacks the representatives of the system he detests with a frankness that is brutal in the French sense of the word. Son Excellence, Eugene Rougon, is to be painted *en noir* by a public prosecutor. M. Zola's readers understand from the commencement that he is to be presented in the most unfavorable light. He is one of the creatures of the order of the autocratic revolution, which takes its instruments where it finds them, and only sees to their being serviceable. Failure is the one fault that cannot be forgiven, as all means of succeeding seem fair to the *parvenu*. The peasant-born adventurer who climbs the political ladder is the complement of the autocrat who lends him a helping hand. His Excellency has neither delicacy, scruples, nor honor. But his conscience, like M. Zola's, is as robust as his *physique*; and he carries the craft of his country breeding into politics, being as much as ever *notre paysan*, as Sardou has put the peasant on the stage. When he shows kindly feeling, or does a liberal act, it is sure to have been prompted by personal vanity; he is sensitive to the reputation he has made in his province; he loves to play the rôle of the *parvenu* patron; and his passions are stirred into seething ferocity when it is a question of being balked or baffled by a rival. Then there comes in the by-play. As a private individual, as a notary or a farmer in the country, Rougon might have been one of the heroes of Flaubert or Belot. His nature is brutally sensual; his capacity for enjoyment is as robust as his constitution; there is nothing he would more enjoy than playing the Don Juan, were not his passions held in check by his interest and ambition. So there is nothing that does him any great injustice in the incident where he shows Clorinde his favorite horse. We do not suppose that it is in any degree founded upon fact; indeed, from internal evidence it must be imaginary; and yet, if his Excellency were half as black as he is painted elsewhere, that touch of embellishment goes absolutely for

nothing. But if we ask how far such painting is legitimate, we are brought back again to the point we started from.

The "*Assommoir*," though it is a section of the same comprehensive work, is a book of an altogether different *genre*. Reviewing it in the ordinary way is altogether out of the question; and there is much in it which eludes even criticism by allusion. This at least one may say of it, that it is a remarkable book of its kind. The author seems not only to have caught the secret phraseology of the slang of the lowest order of Parisians, but he has lowered himself to their corruption of thought, to say nothing of their depraved perversity of conduct. The coloring of the story is perfect in its harmony. Never in any case does the novelist rise above the vulgar, even when the better feelings of some fallen nature are stirred; and it is impossible to imagine the depths to which he sinks when he is groping, as we have said, in the darkness of the sewers. He interests us in Gervaise, that he may steadily disenchant us. In place of trying to idealize by way of contrast and relief the lingering traces of the freshness she brought to Paris from the country, he demonstrates her descent step by step, with all those contaminations to which she is exposed. We doubt not that the talk of public washewomen may often be gross enough; but how can we attribute any of the finer feelings to a woman who listens to it indifferently if she does not join it? Gervaise goes from bad to worse as she loses hope and heart; and idle habits grow upon her. Finally, she resigns herself to the last resource of a reckless woman in desperate extremity; and Zola has not the discretion to drop a veil over the last horrible incidents of her miserable career. Faithful to his system in completing the picture, he does not spare us a single revolting detail. No doubt you cannot complain of being surprised, for he has been industriously working on to his terrible climax. He has missed no opportunity of exciting disgust, he has neglected no occasion of turning everything to grossness; and you cannot say you have not had ample warning if the end seems somewhat strong to you after all. We do not know what surprises M. Zola may have in store for us; we cannot pretend to gauge the range of his audacious invention; but we do know that he is one of the most popular and successful of French novelists, and it is not want of sympathetic encouragement that will cripple him.

SARAH DE BERENGER.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

CHAPTER XV.

FELIX, intending to take new inmates, and finding that it was just a year since he had received the last, went over his accounts during the hours that Amias spent with Sir Samuel, and found, to his pleasure, that, having paid all his bills, he was actually the possessor of twenty pounds.

When, therefore, Amias emerged from the wood without having been able to capture the wisp of flying flue, the brothers, while they sauntered home, compared notes, and felt as if their worst days of restriction and poverty were over. Amias could get his watch out of pawn, and have new clothes. Felix could come up and spend a parson's week in London, find out how Amias was really lodged, and how he fared; also could enjoy himself after the peculiar fashion of zealous and painstaking young clergymen. "Always supposing that he keeps the money," thought Felix. "He is so full of scruples already that I shall suggest no fresh ones to his conscience; but if he doesn't see his inconsistency here very soon, I am much mistaken."

Amias exulted as he walked, and visions of lingering over book-stalls, and picking up old divinity very cheap, of attending many services, going to hear all manner of sermons, and sitting for hours and hours at religious meetings, flitted through the brain of Felix. What a pleasure it is to think that somebody here and there enjoys such meetings, and gets hints from them!

The brothers separated for the night in good spirits, and the next day Felix spent some hours in digging, while Amias, with a spud in his hand, sauntered about, enjoyed the country air, and chopped at *dent-de-lions* and thistle-roots in the slightly disordered lawn.

Felix did most of the digging and raking, the real hard work that had to be done in the garden. He was extremely fond of that kind of exercise, but he would not weed or attend to the flowers; there he drew the line. He had one very large plot a good way from the house, containing about two rods of ground, in which he seldom planted anything, and which he, notwithstanding, dug over at least once a month. Sometimes, lost in thought, he would pause and pensively hang over the spade; then, with a certain fervor of industry, he would dig on with perfect enthusiasm, and slap the squares of mould

as he threw each into its place, as if he lived by this work, and his master was looking at him. This was, in fact, his out-of-door study. Over this plot he mainly composed his sermons.

"You're filling my house," he said to his aunt, when she came to him on Tuesday afternoon, just as he left off digging—came to take leave, for, of course, she *did* go on Tuesday.

Amias, who had brought out a chair, was now sitting close at hand, looking somewhat moody, and at his leisure mending an old cherry-net.

"Yes, it's all settled," answered Sarah, who continued to feel a good deal surprised at the success of her plan. "And I've left an excellent long piece of strong cord behind. I brought it for the pony, to tether him with."

Felix looked surprised.

"Because," continued Sarah, "I have no doubt now that you will get most of the washing done at home; and it will be useful as a clothes-line. The drying-ground is cropped short, and all ready."

"Oh," said Felix. His ideas on the subject of a family wash were exceedingly hazy.

"Mrs. Snaith is a capital ironer. She likes nothing better than ironing, and has told me so," continued Sarah.

"Oh," said Felix again; and his aunt, observing a certain absence of mind, in fact a kind of helplessness about his air in the face of these household matters, suddenly heaved up such a deep sigh as recalled him to himself, and he cast on her a glance of surprise.

She sighed again. "For indeed, under the present sad circumstances—sad indeed!—every yard of cord, and everything else, may well be said to matter."

"Sad circumstances?" said Felix, a little surprised.

Amias smiled furtively.

"Sad indeed! Amias so lost to everything!"

Felix began to dig softly.

"And as for you, Felix, I never would have believed, if I hadn't seen it, that you don't seem to care. I feel as if I had never known till now what you really were."

"There are many people in the world," answered Felix, rather dreamily, "who don't know what they really are till circumstances show them."

All this time Amias netted on, and neither of them took any notice of him.

"And a very good thing too," she exclaimed, "for some of us. If the pep-

per-castor could know what it really was, it would always be sneezing its top off."

"Some of us!" repeated Felix, gravely pleased with this illustration, which seemed to claim humanity for the pepper-castor.

"I only wish Amias had never found himself out," she persisted, "but had continued to think he was something quite different—and to act accordingly," she went on, after a pause, during which Amias preserved a discreet silence.

"I consider," observed Felix, "that every man has a right to his own conscience, and the more so as you cannot take it from him."

"Felix! Yes, I know your parishioners, some of them, believe the most extraordinary things."

"And I let them alone. One believes that Christian people ought not to eat pork, thinks the Mosaic law perfect wisdom for all men on sanitary matters, says almost all foul disease comes of our eating pork. I thought a great deal of her conscience till I found she fattened pigs for the eating of other people."

"Is that the woman who married an old man, and after she had escorted him to the grave, took a mere boy?"

"Even so."

"Well, Felix, I wish you were as tolerant to the poor publicans as to your parishioners. What right have you to interfere with the liberty of the subject?"

"Not the least. Have I any to interfere with the slavery of the subject?"

"That is merely a play of words, Felix. Not worthy of you as a clergyman, and a man of sense. Why should not the publican stand on his rights like other people?"

"Whether he stands on them or not," said Felix, laughing, "there is no doubt in my mind that the present generation will sit upon them!"

"There! you meant that for a joke. Yes! the notions of Amias are actually infecting you."

"What are his notions?"

"He is extremely one-sided," replied Sarah; "everybody must allow that. While he is considering how to reform the drunkards he quite forgets what is to become of the publicans. Thousands of them as there are—thousands and thousands."

"They are much to be pitied. But still, if it is the will of Providence, they will have eventually to go to the wall."

"Providence," said Sarah, not irrever-

ently, "must be allowed to do as it pleases. But I do not and cannot see how you find out what that pleasure is till it is made manifest. I cannot see what right you have to run on in your own thoughts, and be so sure what Providence is going to do, and so eager to help before the event. Yes! I call that patronizing Providence."

"You are vexed, my dear aunt, that Amias should have, as you consider, thrown away his prospects again. That is what this means, is it not?" said Felix.

"And you are not vexed?"

"Well, no," said Felix, dispassionately. "Amias must, as the saying is, 'have the courage of his opinions.' I did not put them first into his head—it is inconvenient to me that he should hold them so strongly—but I should heartily despise him if he threw them over to serve his own interests. And, after all, I suppose that even you have no doubt that two-thirds of all the misery and three-fourths of all the crime in the country really and truly and persistently do come of strong drink, and from nothing else."

"Oh, very well," exclaimed Sarah, in a high, plaintive tone; "pray fly out against your own family, if you like. Just as if the politicians did not frequently say that the country could not pay its way but for the duties on what you unkindly call strong drink!"

"Strong drink is not the only thing the country has to answer for. I hope to see the day when we shall take the making of opium, and the traffic in it, and especially the monopoly of it, to heart;" and thereupon he turned up the edge of the spade to his somewhat short-sighted eyes, and, as if he wished to shirk further discussion, remarked that it was rather blunt, and began to dig again.

Sarah heaved up another deep sigh, and shook her head, but neither of her nephews said anything; so, after a few moments, she exclaimed, with a somewhat theatrical start, "Well, I do not know, Felix, how much longer I am expected to look on while you dig. How many of these useless rods are there?"

"Three," said Amias, "including the one in pickle that you brought with you, aunt."

It did not suit Sarah to take direct notice of this speech; but Amias had lost his advantage of silence, and was made welcome to a good deal of advice, and to many comments on his conduct. "And so kind as my dear uncle has been to you, Amias!" she continued. "I know all about it. Yes."

"It does seem a shame, doesn't it?" answered Amias; "but it cannot be helped—I wish it could," he added, hastily. Then, when Felix looked at him with surprise, and Sarah with pleasure, he paused in his netting, and said with deliberation, "No, I don't; that was a lie—at least, I forgot myself. Well, good-bye, Aunt Sarah; you'd better forgive me, for I shall never be any different."

Sarah took leave of him, and soon after this departed, Felix driving her home, and a chorus of laughter in the kitchen breaking out as her wheels left the yard, she having just explained the use that was to be made of an old hencoop, which was to be turned upside down, she said, and play the part of a clothes-basket, the only one belonging to the establishment being still up a tree.

Felix had not gone forth to meet the temperance question, he had only accepted it when it came to seek him. He found it in his study when he came home.

Amias was there, so was Sir Samuel de Berenger, and they both looked so extremely serious that he was quite startled. "What is the matter now?" he exclaimed.

Sir Samuel looked a little flustered, but not in the least angry. When he spoke, his whole manner was decidedly conciliatory.

"The fact is, this young gentleman met me in the road, said he had something to tell me—asked me in here—and now he has nothing to say."

Amias laughed, but he looked very much ashamed of himself. "I am such a fool!" he exclaimed; and he certainly looked very foolish. "I am such a fool—nobody would believe it. I can hardly believe it myself."

"Sit down," said Felix; "we both know what you mean. Out with it."

Amias sat down and said humbly, "I beg your pardon, uncle."

Instead of asking what for, the old man continued to look pleasant. "Nonsense!" he said. "Say no more, and think better of it."

"I hope you'll forgive me, and try to forget this," said Amias, reddening, and at the same time pushing a crumpled piece of paper towards Sir Samuel without looking at him.

The old man took it up. It had cost him a pang to give that cheque, and now here it was in his hands again. His first thought was one by which he often cajoled himself. "How extraordinarily difficult it is to do anything for this family!" His next thought corrected this. It was not

worth while to keep it; it would make his conscience so uneasy. The more he did for Amias, the less weight, he instinctively felt, these temperance notions of his would have over him. Besides, Amias was a great favorite. He would give him another chance.

"You see," said Amias, as if excusing himself, "I have no right to cry out against — against anything, and then show myself ready to accept a benefit from it. It seems almost as mean as taking a bribe. No, I did not mean that; but I'm so blunder-headed I don't know what I say. I'm sure you meant nothing of the kind, uncle."

Sir Samuel at that moment knew that he had meant it, and that he would willingly offer one far heavier if by its means he could get rid of these scruples on the part of Amias; who, seeing the old man still looking kindly at him, went on, "I certainly did want that money, but I'm not half as badly off as you think. I've got an old necklace that Felix thinks I can sell when I go back to London, so that I hope I shall get on — and not be any expense to you, Felix."

"An old necklace!" exclaimed the baronet, as if he failed to understand the value of such property.

Felix explained that his mother had left several articles of jewelry in her dressing-case, that he had had them valued, and divided into three shares, one of which was for Amias.

"Sentiment would lead a man to keep his mother's ornaments," continued Felix, "but the poor cannot afford to indulge sentiment. Amias must sell his share. He never saw our mother wear this necklace."

"What is it worth?" asked Sir Samuel.

"My father bought it in India, and my aunt Sarah says she remembers hearing him say that it cost forty pounds."

"Then it is fully worth that now in this country, old jewelry being so fashionable," thought Sir Samuel. "Does it matter who buys it?" he inquired.

"No," answered Amias, in a dispirited tone, and without deriving any hope of a customer from this speech.

"Well," said Sir Samuel, with real kindness of manner, and still trifling with the cheque, "I'll buy the necklace. I will give the forty pounds."

Amias sprang up. "Uncle, you don't mean it!"

"Yes, I do. It's partly out of regard to Felix, who is likely to have enough on his hands with you and your scruples, and partly because, you young dog, your astonishing impudence amuses me. Nothing

that breathes ever insulted me as you have done!" Here he laughed. "But you have the grace to be heartily ashamed of yourself, and somehow you make me feel that you cannot help it. There, fetch the beads."

Amias left the room.

"I suppose *this* transaction will stand?" he continued, addressing Felix, still looking more amused than irate.

"I suppose so," was all Felix answered.

Amias presently returned with a small red leather case, which he gravely opened and displayed before the customer — a faded white satin lining, on which was lying a delicate necklace of gold filigree work, with a few emeralds sparkling in its centre.

Then Sir Samuel drew forth his purse and pushed back the cheque to Amias, together with a sovereign and ten shillings.

"Give me a receipt," he said, for his habitual caution did not leave him; and he felt when he took it that he had done a noble action, for he certainly did not want the necklace. Also he felt as if he had got it for one pound ten, for even if it had not been mentioned, he must have found some way of benefiting that family, at least to the extent of his original gift.

A glad satisfaction swelled his heart as he put the case in his pocket; and as for Amias, he felt that, his whole fortune being in his hand, he should certainly be no expense to Felix for the next two years, for he could well live on it, together with his small salary.

When Sir Samuel was gone, Amias looked furtively at his brother. How would he take the matter? What would he say now they were alone? As Felix took no notice of him, but continued for some time to mend the stumps of some remarkably bad old quill pens, Amias at last said, in rather a humble tone, "You'd better take care of this, hadn't you, Felix?" He put the cheque before him, continuing, "The one pound ten will get my watch out of pawn, and you might want to use some of this."

Felix put his hand in his pocket for his keys. "I shall want nothing of the kind," he answered. "But, just after a fire, I don't much like taking care of valuable bits of paper. Suppose we should have another? This must be changed into gold as soon as may be." He unlocked a drawer in his table and laughed. "Still, if it got burnt, I suppose the old boy would, if the thing was fully proved, give you another, or return the necklace."

Amias was greatly relieved at hearing

him laugh; he longed to subside into ordinary talk without any discussion about his having renounced the present. But he altered his mind when Felix went on. "It's my belief that Uncle Sam is actually developing a conscience. It is very young and feeble at present, and if you had kept that money much longer, you might thereby have almost snuffed out its young life."

"And yet you said nothing to me."

"I thought nothing just at first."

"And when you did?"

"I do not always think that logic is to be used to force on a waiting soul."

"Then you do not think it would have been wrong in me to keep the money."

"No; but it would have been mean—that is, if he did offer it as a species of bribe—and it would have been ridiculous, because it would have been so inconsistent."

"But now, Felix, if we had originally received our proper share of our grandfather's money? Of course we should have lived on it."

"No doubt we should."

"Would there have been any harm in that?"

"You had better say, would there have been or would there now be any good, if you had it, in your flinging your share of it away?"

"Yes, that's what I mean."

"But where would you fling it to? Not to beggars, I hope—beggars, in any sense; for I for one believe that is to do infinitely more harm than good."

"Alms-houses—workhouses?"

"Alms-houses, and even workhouses, are full of old people whose own children are guilty before God, and are losing all sense of those feelings that raise families and hold them together, because they leave them there. Every right and natural responsibility of which you relieve a man, taking it on yourself, makes him less able to bear those responsibilities that nothing can relieve him of. If you could take all his duties from him, as we sometimes do, it would only make it certain that he would not then even do his duty by himself."

"I often puzzle over this kind of thing, Felix. If nobody is to inherit or use any money or anything that has not been earned with perfect honesty, and also by some noble trade or honorable means that does good and no harm, how are any of us to have anything—anything, I mean, but what we earn ourselves?"

"And yet," observed Felix, in his most dispassionate tone, "if, after a man's death, his relations were to sit in judgment on

him, and were to bring out and make a great heap of all the things they thought he had not earned with perfect honesty, and were to allow the unscrupulous to have a free fight over them, each appropriating what he could for his own benefit, would that make the world any better than it is?"

Amias laughed. "And then there is the land," he observed.

"Quite true. How little land was ever originally appropriated with anything like honesty! Often first got by violence, often long kept by violence, or extortion—Church land just the same as others."

"We are a bad lot."

"You have just discovered it?"

"No, I was always peaceably aware of it. But what is the good of that? Why am I obliged to be constantly thinking of such things? Everything in my lot turns them up for my consideration. I must think on them; and yet I know quite well that, even if I could do away with a wrong, it would not make a right."

Felix, who was still mending his pens, smiled with good-humored sarcasm, and, beginning to answer in a tone of banter, got more grave as he went on. "My dear young friend, I hope you don't think that the harboring of such thoughts shows anything original in the cast of your mind. I went through the same experiences at your age. That expression, 'He cannot call his soul his own,' has deep meaning in it, that the first utterer never knew of. Whence the soul is derived we have been informed, and some of us believe it; but many of us, to the last, decline to believe in any influence over it from its Source, other than what we are pleased to call a *religious* influence; and yet, comparing the soul to an inland sea, imprisoned as it were within us, we must allow that it often flings up on its strand, for our senses and observation to exercise themselves on, things out of its depths that we never knew to be there. You cannot call your soul your own; but, on the whole, it pleases me greatly to find that you are getting over the wish to do so—more satisfied to give way to these 'inconvenient thoughts,' which, if they were of a more solemn nature, and made you feel unhappy, you would more easily acknowledge for what they are."

"There's nothing in my being satisfied now."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I've got forty pounds by honest trade, and I not only feel now that I shall not be a burden to you, but I find that you by no means blame me. Why," continued Amias, with boyish self-scorn, "I hope

you don't think I would be such a prig as to whine about the giving up of my *own* prospects. I wouldn't have our fellows know how much I cared the other night even about your supposed annoyance — no, not for the whole price of that neck-lace. But, I say, Felix — ”

“Well?”

“When you come up to London, you shall hear something that you don't expect.”

“Not a temperance lecture from you, I hope!” exclaimed Felix, suddenly suspicious.

“Why not?”

“Because you are much too young.”

“Well, I've promised our fellows.”

“What have they to do with it?”

“You need not look so vexed. I tell you it will be a real one — perfectly solemn, and all that. Why, they have subscribed to give a tea to the people. We shall issue 1*d.* tickets for it. It will be the best lark I ever had. No; I mean no harm. It will be a capital lecture, though I say so. Several of our fellows helped me to get it up. And we expect you to take the chair.”

“Do you mean to tell me that you are all taking this up out of real desire to do good, and in serious approval of the temperance cause?”

“No, Felix, I don't. We're going to give a tea-drinking at the beginning — there's no harm in that; then a temperance lecture in the middle — short and strong; and then we shall wind up with a few transparencies and a couple of songs. The tea will be just as good for the poor old women as if we were all in earnest, instead of only one of us.”

“Why, you have just this moment told me that *you* should consider it a great lark!” exclaimed Felix.

“Well, so I shall; but do you mean to tell me, just after talking in the serious way you have, that when I am doing a thing I earnestly wish to do, because I fully believe it will produce good, and when I am willing to give up all sorts of things for its sake, I am not to see, or even to suspect, what fun it will be to us as well? You need not be at all afraid, Felix; we are going to have it in Baby Tanner's parish. Mrs. Tanner approves, so I leave you to judge whether it will be right and serious enough.”

Mrs. Tanner was the Miss Thimbleby who had married imprudently, and frightened Mrs. Snaith by her severe remarks. Becoming tired of the bucolic poor, she had caused her husband to take a miser-

able perpetual curacy in one of the worst parts of London, and they were both struggling with their duties there in the most heroic fashion.

CHAPTER XVI.

AMIAS, after his short holiday, accompanied Felix to London, and the temperance tea-drinking duly came off.

Finding that the reverend gentleman who has been called Baby Tanner looked forward to it in all good faith as something likely to elevate his people, and that he expected his old friend to take the chair, Felix agreed to do so — admired the simple industry of the good man, and the painstaking efforts of his ponderous wife to get the place into order.

“Everything is left to us,” she explained. “None of the fashionable people run after Carlos.”

“No wonder,” thought Felix, when he saw this rosy-faced, single-minded saint trotting about after his schoolchildren.

“But,” the wife continued, “it is because we are so far from the fashionable localities that I never get any ladies to come and help us.”

Mrs. Tanner knew very well that the youths who were going to entertain her poor women expected to entertain themselves as well, but it was very difficult to fill her mothers' meetings and get the women to church, or the children to school, if she never had any kind of treat to give them. All the tickets were to be in her hands, and she had the buying of the bread and the butter, and the ordering of the cakes and the tea; so she took care that there should be plenty of these commodities, and gladly agreed that the school-rooms should be at the service of the “committee” for this great occasion.

She had been governess to the head of the committee in his childhood, and Amias she had known slightly all his life; so she hoped they might be trusted — particularly “Lord Bob,” who, as Felix was told by one of the committee when he inquired, was “a son of the Duke of Thingumy.”

“And here he is with the bag,” cried the youth, dashing down-stairs on the eventful evening, while Felix with Amias and three of the committee were enjoying a “meat tea” in the little lodgings.

“Where's the prisoner?” exclaimed a tall, dark youth, rushing in and holding up a large camlet bag.

“He's all right,” cried the second committee man.

“Not funk in the least,” said the third.

"He'd better not. Escape is now impossible."

"Come on," quoth Lord Bob, seizing Amias; and the two disappeared into the small chamber beyond. There were no less than twelve committee men. This move enabled some to enter who had been standing on the tiny landing. The room was now absolutely full, but shouts of laughter being heard issuing from the chamber, the youths soon pulled its door open, and a man was seen within. Rather an elderly man, with rough grey hair, and a fine white beard. He was then in course of being arrayed in a black coat, which sat loosely, for it was a good deal too big. Lord Bob was buttoning it for him up to the throat. His linen collar was large and limp, and he had on a pair of loose black kid gloves. Shrieks of laughter greeted his appearance. Felix did not recognize him till he made a step or two forward.

"Amias," he then exclaimed angrily; but his voice was drowned in acclamation.

"What a jolly go!"

"He looks fifty!"

"Nobody could possibly know him!"

"Doesn't he look *respectable*?"

"My friends," said Amias, gazing mildly round, and wiping a large pair of spectacles on a white handkerchief—"my friends, this riot and these peals of laughter are unseemly. Yes, Felix, it's no use your looking furious; you don't suppose my lecture would be listened to if I only looked nineteen? My friends, let us go forward."

Twelve against one, and that one silent from displeasure, was too great odds. Felix mechanically allowed himself to "go forward;" that is, he was among the youths as they thundered down the narrow staircase. The landlady, who was holding the door open, curtsied to Amias, not recognizing him. Felix, almost without his own choice, found himself in a spare omnibus, which had been hired for the occasion. He put off deciding what to do till he reached his destination. The driver and the conductor, both devoted teetotalers, had been exhorted by Lord Bob to attend the meeting, for the room was expected to be very empty. These zealous individuals promised so to do, and the youths, swarming outside and inside, caused them deep edification by lustily singing temperance songs. One gave such especial pleasure that they respectfully begged the young gentleman to repeat it. It began, "No, we are not ashamed of the cause—oh, we are not ashamed of the cause!"

Amias, a little daunted by the gravity and displeasure of Felix, tried to check them; but he could not say much, for he had taught them that song himself, having heard it sung by some excellent and single-minded folks, who pronounced it, "We *air* not ashamed," and having imitated that, as well as the peculiar burr sometimes imparted to their vocal exercises by the uneducated. The committee, of course, gave the song as they had learned it; and Felix had just decided how to act so as best, when he was called to the chair, to overpower the ridiculous element which at present was uppermost, when the vehicle stopped in a shabby street opposite the parish schools.

Remarkable fact!—a good many men, whose hands were not too clean, welcomed the committee with especial cheerfulness, almost with hilarity. Some insisted on shaking hands with them.

"We had a thought of taking the hosses out and dragging yer in," said one gentleman. Others declared their intention of attending the meeting, "so soon as the ladies had finished their tea."

No fewer than two public-houses and a small gin-palace were visible, and placards of the intended meeting were ostentatiously posted up all over them.

Felix, being the last to descend, noted these circumstances, and had a short conversation apart with the driver and conductor, both of whom assured him that they were wide awake, and promised to act on his directions.

He then entered the large boys' school-room. "Remarkable fact!" exclaimed the Rev. Carlos Tanner. "It shows how deeply the minds of the masses are stirred on this great subject. Why, the very publicans, to please them, are advertising our meeting!" His eyes then fell on Amias, and Lord Bob had the impudence, without mentioning his name, to introduce him with much apparent respect as an eminent friend to the "cause."

All the committee then hastened upstairs to the girls' schoolroom, where one hundred poor women, all looking meek, most of them pale, and many old, were waiting for their tea.

The committee, having piled up their hats in a corner, fell at once, and without a struggle, under the dominion of Mrs. Tanner. The noisiest spirits became calm; the number of babies materially helped to daunt them. Mrs. Tanner called one and another to cut up cakes; others had to tilt the great kettles, and carry round the teapots; some handed sugar, others put in

milk. Pity and respect awoke in their young minds; they all behaved like gentlemen, and took real delight in seeing the enjoyment of the guests over the steaming tea and excellent viands.

Work was found for all excepting Lord Bob and Amias, each of whom fell under the eye of Mrs. Tanner, and knew that she knew all about it. She detected Amias at once under his disguise; she knew that Lord Bob had done it. These two young gentlemen were therefore fain to sneak away from her "severe regard" of control, and press their services on such of the ladies as sat in corners, or had been quickest in despatch of victuals.

The guests had just arrived at that point when, to their regret, they were obliged to leave off eating and drinking from sheer repletion; and the committee, having divided the considerable quantity of food that was left into portions, were helping the ladies to wrap them up in handkerchiefs, or get them into their pockets when Felix came up, and had no sooner said grace, by Mrs. Tanner's desire, than Mr. Tanner followed, with a beaming countenance.

"My dear, the room below is so full — so absolutely full! Not one seat vacant, and people outside. It passes my utmost hope. In fact, we must have a second meeting for you, my friends, up here."

"Yes," said Felix, to the surprise of Mrs. Tanner, suddenly taking on himself to order matters. "It would be a good plan if I went down with you, Tanner, and the lecturer: and the committee was left up here to sing the temperance songs, and afterwards show the transparencies."

The members of the committee were nothing loth, excepting Lord Bob, who, prescient of some fun or mischief, declared that he ought to go down with the lecturer. The others, who had expected to sit through the lecture and have nothing to do till it was over, were naturally not averse from a plan which enabled them to begin at once, and the poor women, very warm and comfortable by this time, were right glad to stay where they were.

Mr. Tanner led the way to the boys' schoolroom. He entered first, then Felix. It was packed full. A low laugh of ecstasy broke out here and there, and was gone like summer lightning, while a voice cried out in tones of delight, "Here comes vicar, and here comes the temperance man. My! don't he look as if he never got a drop of anything comfortable." This compliment was intended for Felix, whose face, naturally dark and thin, was

never embellished by ruddy hues, and now looked especially grave.

The crowd was so hilarious that both the reverend gentlemen felt the impossibility of opening such a meeting with prayer.

Felix wondered whether Amias would have nerve enough to address an assembly so manifestly enjoying some secret joke. But he need not have troubled himself; nothing was further from their minds than to let the lecturer be heard at all.

Felix was, however, successfully called to the chair; but he had no sooner introduced the lecturer, than a deafening round of applause broke out, and was not appeased till four policemen stood up in different parts of the room, and, without regarding any individuals in the seated crowd, appeared to be looking with interest at the doors and the tallow candles in the chandeliers.

The five or six people who had actually come to the meeting from some misguided notion that they should improve their knowledge, or inflame their zeal by means of it, must have found such outrageous enthusiasm very inconvenient.

Amias began to speak, but at the end of his first sentence the cheers broke out again, so that he seemed to be acting in dumb show. Not a word was heard beyond the platform. Dust rose and caused a good deal of coughing, and presently there was cuffling and struggling in one corner, during which half the meeting turned round. Rough voices encouraged some one, some the other combatant, but they were soon hauled asunder by two policemen, and successfully marched out at two different doors.

"Go on," shouted Felix to Amias.

A good many men and lads followed the combatants; the doors banged incessantly, and two more policemen came in, which seemed to cause a slight lull, so that a sentence was distinctly audible.

Amias had, of course, learned his lecture by heart, and now delivered himself of this most inappropriate sentence, —

"For I have a right to suppose, my friends, from your attendance here, and your attention on this occasion, that your feelings are in harmony with that great cause which I have the honor —"

"Harmony!" shrieked a voice, far louder than his. "Bless you, sir, there never was anything like the harmony as pervades this assembly."

"Give the gentleman a hearing," cried a real sympathizer, very much put out.

"Give him three cheers," shouted another.

Amias was obliged to go on. It was trying work, for several men, in a high state of good humor, had mounted on the benches to propose resolutions; others kept pulling them down again.

"We air not obliged to hear the gentleman," cried one.

"Not by no means," shouted a policeman; "you air only obligated to keep the peace." This was said while a drunken man was being assisted to make his exit.

"It's a plot," shouted Mr. Tanner to Felix, hardly making himself heard amid the cheering and scraping of feet.

"Of course," shouted Felix in reply. "They've been treated by the publicans. Can't you see that many are half tipsy?"

"Then what are we to do-o?" shouted Mr. Tanner.

"Let them alone," shouted Felix, "till they're tired of it. Go on," he continued to Amias. "If you stop, and we try to retreat, there'll be a riot."

Amias never forgot the next half-hour as long as he lived—the dust, the sudden draughts of air, the banging doors, the guttering candles, the stand-up fights with fisticuffs that came off now and then in corners, and occasionally the sound of his own voice when there was a lull. Now and then came words of encouragement from Felix, together with a charge to go on; and he did so, half mechanically, not feeling any nervousness about his lecture. Why should he, when so little of it was heard? At last he could not but notice that the room was less crowded. The dust being thick, there was more coughing and less cheering, and the spirits of the audience seemed to flag. Not being interfered with in any way worth mentioning, they began to think they had had enough of their joke. Portions of the floor became visible; there was even more noise now in the street than in the room. Amias, having involuntarily stopped to cough, one of the audience chose to suppose that the meeting was over, and, jumping on a form, proposed a vote of thanks to the chair.

"Wind up now," said Felix, and he made his bow.

The vote was responded to by a considerable show of hands.

"Those," continued the proposer, "whose opinion is contrary to him, hold up theirs."

About an equal show for this side of the question.

"This meeting thanks the chairman and likewise the lecturer," proceeded the orator, "and they air respectfully invited never to come here any more."

The police were slowly moving from the centre of the room towards the doors, and now that it was half empty, it became manifest that nobody liked to be last; there was a sudden rush during which a respectable-looking man, who had been standing with his back to one of them, enjoying the scene, got knocked down, and hurt; but they soon had him up again, and just as the last of the audience disappeared, and the doors were bolted behind them, the first of the committee came down-stairs, and appeared at the back of the platform.

It would be a waste of time to attempt to describe how sulky the committee were when they found what a "row" there had been, and they not in it. The resources of the English language cannot convey the darting flashes of eleven pairs of eyes, set in the brows of eleven youths between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one, which, with natural indignation, they hurled at the back of Felix, as he stood in the front talking to the policemen.

"Well, I hope you're satisfied, gentlemen, with this temperance work of yours," observed the most important of the two policemen still present, while he wiped his hot forehead.

"You see, sir, you're new to the work," remarked the other, accosting Mr. Tanner; "but this elderly gentleman," pointing to Amias, "he did ought to have known better."

The light was none of the best. The policemen went on, first one, then the other.

"There's two cases for the lock-up, and a broken arm. You saw that respectable man knocked down? I expect you'll have to go before the magistrates and give your evidence."

"I dessay you don't expect to go triumphing home atop of that vehicle of yours?"

The committee looked as if they did.

"It's now a-waiting for you outside. I consider you'd better not be draw'd out of the neighborhood. What breaches of the peace we'd hed already would be nothing to speak of compared —"

"Now then, gentlemen, if you please," they both exclaimed, as there was a thundering knock at the principal door. "They're all ready for you there, so you follow us out at the back, as fast as your legs will carry you."

The committee, deeply disgusted, had to

obey. They came out into a playground. One of the policemen had a key, and after fumbling a while at the lock of the door, let the party out into a miserably dark and shabby court, marching them through its empty length, and through several winding ways, till they found themselves in a considerable thoroughfare, and close to a metropolitan station.

Whilst waiting for the train, Amias was divested of his wig and beard; and all the party, very much disgusted with things in general, set forth in a silence that for some time was absolutely unbroken.

Lord Bob spoke at last, after deep cogitating. "If it hadn't been for Mr. de Berenger we should all have got ourselves into a jolly row."

But Amias was dull in his spirits; he did not like the hint that had been dropped by the policeman, that he might be called on to give evidence before the magistrates. He had seen the fighting and scuffling, and he had seen the man knocked down.

"Bob," he said, "do you think the magistrates can do anything to us if it turns out that I was disguised, and that we did it all for a lark?"

Lord Bob was sixteen months older than Amias. Sixteen months count at that time of life. He reassured his young friend. "I do not see that they can. It was straight and fair. Mr. de Berenger says he knew the moment he saw the placards that the publicans would have the best of it. There were two larks, you see, and they both flew up, as it were, and met, and had a tussle in the air. Neither lark was prepared for the other. The publicans thought we were ordinary temperance fogies. They did not want us, of course, and they treated a lot of fellows to cheer themselves hoarse, and utterly quench us with applause. Still, though the publicans outwitted us, our lark came down without loss of a feather, and theirs got badly pecked."

"If it hadn't been for my wig," said Amias, doubtfully, "I could have looked any magistrate in the face."

"Did the meeting find it out, though eighteen 'dips' illuminated it?"

"No."

"I heard Mrs. Tanner say to Baby, 'Dark, my dear! How can the room be dark, when there are eighteen dips in the chandeliers, exclusive of the four on the platform?' Baby was all in his glory, excited quite out of himself, and reckless of tallow; but when he found she was inexorable, and would have no more melted for this great occasion, he trotted gently

away. Well, you allow that the meeting did not find it out. Did the police, then — I ask you that?"

"Not one."

"When you appear in court in your ordinary rig, they'll declare you are not the man. You will then fall on your knees and confess the whole. The magistrates will inquire of me, 'Why did you aid and abet this young fellow in disguising himself?' I shall reply, 'To make him look respectable.' They will answer, 'Nothing can do that.' I shall desire leave to show the contrary. We retire. Tableau in court. You, in your wig and beard, your loose gloves and spectacles; I with my arm out as a sign-post point. Two policemen faint, crying out, 'Tis he!' You immediately begin your lecture. The court listens enthralled, and before they know where they are, three attorneys have taken the pledge."

"Bob, it's no use. I feel like a fool."

"So do I. I almost always do. I think the reason must be —"

"What?"

"Why, that I *am* a fool. But," he continued, "if you think I am a greater fool than yourself, or if you think I think that I am, I can only say you never were more mistaken."

Felix was seated in the same compartment with these two, and, with hands thrust into his pockets, was deep in thought; but when Amias said, "Do you think the magistrates can do anything to us?" surprise arrested his attention, and the shadow of a smile flitted over his face. He felt what a strangely boyish speech this was, and did not care to comfort his brother and Lord Bob on the occasion. He considered that a little anxiety on the point might be wholesome. He felt the incongruity between this and the absolute self-possession Amias had shown, his sensible readiness in yielding to orders, the naturally fine action which, even under those adverse circumstances, had shown itself now and then. He began to experience that attentive state of mind towards Amias with which we regard things curious and uncommon. He began to perceive that he never would be like other people. He had been a manly little fellow in his childhood, but childhood was not gone, dead, buried, and forgotten. Felix was vexed, not having sufficiently remarked that the finest characters are never of rapid growth. He thought Amias ought to have done with childhood; but he was a graduate in nature's university. Nature is wiser than the schoolmaster; she edu-

cates, but she never crams. Her scholars do not go up to take their degrees; their degrees come to them.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE Rev. Felix de Berenger was called upon to appear before the magistrates and give evidence as regarded various scuffles and riotous crowds, which had resulted in some broken bones, and which were directly caused by, or at any rate had taken place at, a temperance meeting over which he had presided.

It however came out that the three publicans in the immediate vicinity had freely distributed a great deal of liquor, and had encouraged their customers to give a lively reception to the lecturer; also to take heed not to let his voice be heard, but to do this in a cheerful, fair, and unexceptionable fashion. They had likewise encouraged the crowd to take out the omnibus horses, one of which, being frightened, had become unmanageable, got away, and dashed through the window of a sausage-shop, whence he withdrew his head with a necklace of sausages where his collar should have been. A long string of sympathizers with the publicans had got a rope and hoped, by means of it, to draw the omnibus down the street, and a great assembly, whose best friends could hardly have called them sober, hung about waiting to help them; and when at last they discovered that the lecturer and committee, instead of mounting the machine, had gone out another way, they were indignant, and went and smashed the windows of the smaller public-house.

Why this? Well, it appeared that the landlord of this very public-house had lent the rope, though it was declared by several ringleaders that he must have known what the police were after; for, in short, when they came round and remarked that the gentlemen were off, they were seen to wink at him—*ergo*, he must have meant by means of this rope to occupy the people, and at the same time balk them of a very innocent piece of fun.

The policemen here earnestly declared that he had not winked, and the magistrate crushed him. At the same time he was very pleasant with Felix, and let it be evident that he considered the temperance cause rather ridiculous than otherwise.

Amias and Lord Bob were within call, but the inquiry seemed nearly over, and Felix hoped that a sarcasm or two directed against himself would be all the temperance cause, as represented by the late affair, would have to suffer; but at last an

unlucky question was asked, to which he could not frame a true answer without exciting surprise. Another followed, and thereupon both the youths were called, and the whole ridiculous affair came out.

But they were not dealt with in the same fashion as the publicans or the chairman had been. They were both very fine, pleasant-looking young fellows; there was something boyish and ingenuous about them. They excited amusement, and they took pains to remind the court that no one had found out the wig; it therefore could have had nothing to do with the riotous proceedings. This was so manifest, that they got nothing but the very slightest of reprimands, and that was half lost in the cheering, which, however, was instantly put down by the presiding magistrate.

This was a great occasion for Amias, though he little thought so at the time. He and Lord Bob were retiring, both feeling more foolish by half than they had done the previous night, when the latter was accosted by his maternal grandfather.

This old gentleman, whose sole distinction in life was that the duke's sons were his grandsons, was allowed by them all to be the best grandfather going. He was specially proud of this one, and when he saw him giving his evidence, screening his friend and letting it be seen, in a blundering and ingenuous fashion, how little he cared for the temperance cause, and how much he loved a lark, then the grandfather felt that of all the dozens of larks after which his grandsons had craved aid of him and got it, not one had come before his notice that was so innocent.

Innocent indeed it had proved—far more so than had ever been intended—for it cannot be supposed that a dozen youths would have lent themselves to a cause they did not care for, if nothing more attractive than has appeared had been in the programme.

No; they looked indeed for a temperance lecture, and Amias had stipulated that the first half of his should be given in sober sadness, and should contain as many trenchant sentences against drink as he, with all care and much elaboration, had got into it. But the second half?

They came down, as they thought, in plenty of time to hear the second half. Amias, being a great mimic, fully intended to give them the treat of hearing capital imitations of no less than three lecturers with whom he had made them more or less familiar.

There was to be an interval; the lec-

turer, making his bow, was to sit down and partake of his cold water, while the committee was to be called on by the chairman for some songs.

They counted on having a very dull, stupid audience, who would never get as far beyond surprise as to reach suspicion, and would not find out how the lecturer, beginning again in the style and with the voice of the great Smith, and imitating his anecdotes and his frown, would gradually and cautiously develop himself into the more stately and gentlemanly Jones, with his glib statistics and see-saw motion of the hands; and then toning down Jones in delicate gradations, would carefully take up a third voice and work it up, and work himself up, till, with coat-tails flying, and eyes ready to start from his head, he concluded with the impassioned screams of the fervid Robinson.

And the parson-brother of Amias — what an element of joy it added to the programme, that it would be impossible for him to remonstrate, or in any way to interfere!

There he would be, seated in all state, looking every inch a parson. He would not find out at first. They should behold his air of startled puzzlement, then his awakened intelligence, not unminged with indignation, and finally his vain attempts to look stolid, and his alarm lest the audience should perceive that they were being made game of.

What might occur after this they left to the event, but they by no means wished that their little plot should be discovered. No, they trusted that Amias and his brother, the parson, would manage better; for, if not, the entertainment could hardly come off again. If Mr. Tanner found out, it was of no consequence, they thought, unless he told Mrs. Tanner.

No wonder they were sulky as they drove home; circumstances had been hard upon them.

But to return to the grandfather. Felix escaped to his book-stalls when the inquiry was over, and he drove Lord Bob and Amias to his house to lunch, where he was disturbed to see that neither of them drank anything but water. The slightest of Scotch accents emphasized his words not unbecomingly. "Ye were as thin as a lath always, Robert; and if ye drink nothing but water, ye'll be just liable to blow away."

"Quite true. Why, I'm so light, that the wind almost takes me off my legs now. I must be weighted, to keep me down." He plucked his hands in his pockets. "I

must put some pieces of lead in these," he observed; "or perhaps gold would do, grandpapa. Have you any about you handy?"

They always called him grandpapa when they wanted money, and he always laughed and thought it droll.

Lord Robert received ten sovereigns in his palm. "And now, grandpapa, when you pay the bill —" he observed, as he counted them.

"What bill?" cried grandpapa, with pretended sharpness.

"Why, the omnibus horse fell down and broke his knees. If you will go in for these larks, like a rare old bird as you are, why, you must pay for them. And the man who broke his arm used to earn thirty shillings a week, when he was sober, though he never thought of working on a Monday. I'm afraid you're in for that thirty shillings a week till his arm's well. I don't know what you think, but that's my view, grandpapa."

"Yes, yes," said the grandfather, still rather pleased at this dependence on him than grieved to part with his cash. "*No-blesse oblige*, Robert, when it has a grandfather."

"Quite my view again."

"But I'll need to investigate these claims before I pay anything."

"Oh yes," answered the grandson; and now he naturally looked on his liabilities in this matter as settled to the satisfaction of all parties; that is, he felt that honor demanded that, as he was the eldest of the committee by several months, as well as the ringleader and the one of highest rank, the proper person to pay was *his* grandfather.

The story of Amias was already known to the grandfather. It had been told, however, with a difference, as thus: "He was heir to his uncle, a baronet, and a jolly old brewer, the richest man in the county; had been allowed to spend as much as he liked, you know. And the old boy had such covers! Never expected him to go in for work, excepting about as much as a fellow might rather like than otherwise. Well, and then he happened, entirely for fun, to pull down a temperance lecturer, and mount the beer-barrel he was standing on and lecture himself. And the old uncle was in such a rage; he said he was insulted, and disinherited him, and turned him out of doors. It is thought he will leave his money to his granddaughters. And now, you know, De Berenger has nothing but his beggarly pay. He told me the other day that he often got his

dinner at an eating-house for elevenpence — it was either elevenpence or thirteen pence, I know; and yet he's one of the jolliest fellows going. I came to know him through little Peep. He was one of little Peep's chums."

The young man called little Peep was one of Lord Bob's second cousins, and had been his schoolfellow. He was little physically, but as a fool he was great.

Amias had been duly warned that little Peep was never to be chaffed, reasoned with, or remonstrated with at all, it having been found by experience that there was much more fun to be got out of him by letting him alone.

But, sad to relate, little Peep's career in the same government office which had the advantage of young De Berenger's services had been cut short; in fact, he had been called on to take possession of a moderately good estate in the north of Scotland, in consequence of the death of a distant cousin, and the end of this was that he fell under the dominion of two elder sisters, and, as far as could be now known, he was, to the grief of his old friends, conducting himself almost like other people.

And yet it had come to pass that little Peep had introduced Amias to Lord Bob, just before he took his lamented departure for the north, and then it had come to pass that Lord Bob had introduced him to the grandfather, who not only carried him home to lunch, but liked him, and pressingly invited him to dinner.

Amias had got his dress clothes now, and did not care who invited him. He went to dinner several times, and there he met people of all sorts — radical members, rising barristers, authors, newspaper editors, and dandies of fashion. They fed his opening mind with large discourse, they stimulated his sense of humor by their oddities; the radicals helped his plastic mind to the certainty that he was a conservative; the authors drew him to themselves. As for the newspaper editors, he regarded them almost as kings, and would have long gone on doing so, if some of them had not made it plain to him that they shared, and rather more than shared, his views concerning them.

Oh, what a curious place the world is, and what a number of things are found out afresh in it! What faded old facts stand forth in startling colors, as wonderful and new, when youthful genius gets a chance of sitting still while it passes, and making unnoticed studies of it.

Does it really matter nothing to the
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possessors whether their rank and standing came first a mark of grace or of disgrace? Apparently not. And these sons and these cousins, who have inherited a great name in science or in literature? The dear progenitor sits, as it were, like an Egyptian of old, at all their feasts. He never gets any rest in his grave; they have got him out, and are all hanging on behind him, using his dead body as a rammer with which they push. Strange that, because he was wise, they should think he must ram a hole for them to enter, and show themselves fools where they please.

And here are two politicians. They have been having a battle royal, each for his party. One of them almost flew at the other's throat, in the papers, and now they meet with undisguised pleasure, and talk about flies. So they only quarrelled for their constituents then, and now they revert to friendship and their fishing.

Amias found plenty to feed his observant mind the first time he dined at grandpapa's house. The next visit afforded him just as much interest and as many speculations.

During the third evening he came to honor. An editor spoke to him! He was sitting quietly and hearkening to the discourse with modest attention, when with a certain kindness, as the conversation ended, and the other converser moved away, this royal personage turned and said, "I dare say you have been very much bored. Eh?"

Amias brusquely declared the contrary. The subject was one that was just beginning to interest people. He had read a book or two already that bore on it, and he made such intelligent comments on them and the conversation, that the editor said, "Not bad."

And then somebody else coming up to talk, he kindly admitted Amias to the conversation, and once called on him for his opinion. He gave it with his natural fervor, and with a touch of humor which was always ready to his hand. When they parted, he somehow believed himself to understand that if he wrote a letter on the point in question, for this said editor's journal, it might possibly appear in print.

This was only a hint, but Amias had heard earlier that the matter wanted "airing."

Two days after a letter actually appeared in the journal. Amias, with a leap of the heart, saw his signature, "A. de B." He read the letter with greedy eyes, and a dread lest it should have been altered that would have taken away half his pleasure.

But no; it was put in just as he had written it, and he sighed with joy and pride.

In the joy of his heart Amias sent the newspaper down to his brother. In a few days other letters appeared; some of them referred to "A. de B.," and agreed with him. Amias wrote a second letter, but as he was reading it, with the peculiar delight that it always gives a young writer to see himself in print, a letter came from Felix, full of affectionate remonstrance. Felix admonished his young brother that he ought not to interfere in matters too high for him, nor to set his heart on influence, before he had learned to get a bare living. Most religious people who are restricted to certain places, and particular lines of duty, as well as kept back by small means, are beset with such fears for the more adventurous spirits about them, not considering how much more dangerous it is for youth to lack a worthy interest, and find low things tempting, because life is empty and poor. High things to each mind are the things above it. Let each put forth his hand for those on its own level. It is difficult to think of things as high in the abstract. The dining-room table is high to a black-beetle, but a camelopard can easily look in at the first-floor window.

And so it came to pass that, through Lord Bob's grandfather, Amias first met a number of interesting people, and then found his own level, which was a much more important matter. He soon went to visit his newspaper friend, and from him had introduction to all sorts of men — got among painters and authors, from great historians and poets to the merest literary hacks, and commenced dabbling in literature himself, picking up a few guineas here and there for articles in periodicals and magazines. The aristocracy of culture began to take him up; the Bohemians, luckily, would have none of him, and he soon dropped away from the world of fashion.

Lord Bob, however, continued his fast friend. They suited each other too well for severance to be possible. How young they were when they began to lecture in public (not by any means always on the temperance question), whether they dared to disguise themselves or not, whether they succeeded to their satisfaction, and how many allies and accomplices they had, are not matters that it is needful to enlarge upon here.

At the same time, it would not be violating any confidence to inform the reader that little Peep, keeping up a correspon-

dence with his old "chums" in the government office, and having the celebrated lecture sent down in manuscript to read, wrote in reply, to the intense delight and astonishment of all concerned, and informed them "that he saw things in a new light, and he and his second sister intended to take the pledge."

"Good little fool!" exclaimed Amias, with such a sense of shame and compunction as almost forced tears into his eyes. He remembered with what gravity he and Lord Bob had pressed into little Peep's hand at parting a long letter on his duties as a landlord; and this he had taken in good part, though he owned that at first he was so elated, what with a moor of his own, and real gillies, etc., etc., that he had not read it.

"Innocent little Peep!" exclaimed Lord Bob to Amias. "Only think of his giving himself the airs of a reformed rake! And he thinks we are all in earnest as well as himself. I must write and undeceive him — let him down gently."

"You had much better let him alone. I don't see that you have any right to interfere with my first convert," answered Amias.

And Lord Bob, reverting to the known power of little Peep to act himself best when not interfered with, did let him alone, and the consequence of that was that little Peep wrote very soon to ask if he might deliver the lecture himself in the next town. His sister thought he was quite old enough, and he thought it might do good.

Amias curtly consented, feeling very much ashamed; but Lord Bob, to whom the correspondence had, of course, been shown, wrote and counselled little Peep to return the lecture first, that "the usual directions" might be written on it. This was accordingly done, and sent back marked here and there, "Now drink a whole tumbler of water, to show your zeal for the cause;" "Here shed a few tears; three or four will do;" "Here stamp — the right foot is the proper one to use," etc., etc.

Amias never knew that this had been done till little Peep returned the lecture, having read it in three neighboring towns with great pride and joy. He said he wished the directions had been simpler, for he found it almost impossible to carry them out; but Amias would be glad to hear that several people had signed the pledge, and he supposed that was the principal matter.

"It is a blessed thing to be an ass!" said

Amias, on reading this to Lord Bob. "Little Peep has got more than twenty people to leave off drinking, and we have never got one."

From *Nature*.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

THE statements in the *Times* which, under the head of "A Wonderful Discovery," are copied from the *Brisbane Courier*, seem greatly to have astonished the reading public. To what extent the statements are true or untrue it is impossible to say. The whole may be a cleverly-written fiction, and certain of the words and names used seem, according to some readers, to suggest that view; but be this so or not, I wish to indicate that some part, at all events, of what is stated might be true, and is certainly within the range of possibility.

At once let me state that the discovery, so called, which is described in the communication under notice, is not in principle new. On the subject of suspension of animation I have myself been making experimental inquiries for twenty-five years at least, and have communicated to the scientific world many essays, lectures, and demonstrations relating to it. I have twice read papers bearing on this inquiry to the Royal Society, once to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, two or three times in my lectures on experimental and practical medicine, and published one in *Nature*. In respect to the particular point of the preservation of animal bodies for food, I dwelt on this topic in the lectures delivered before the Society of Arts in April and May of last year, 1878, explaining very definitely that the course of research in the direction of preservation must ultimately lead to a process by which we should keep the structures of animals in a form of suspended molecular life.

Let me next point out what, by experiment, is known as to the possibility of suspending animal life.

If an animal perfectly free from disease be subjected to the action of some chemical agents or physical agencies which have the property of reducing to the extremest limit the motor forces of the body, the muscular irritability, and the nervous stimulus to muscular action, and if the suspension of the muscular irritability and of the nervous excitation be made at once and equally, the body even of a warm-blooded

animal may be brought down to a condition so closely resembling death, that the most careful examination may fail to detect any signs of life. I have shown in a Croonian lecture that there are three degrees of muscular irritability, to which I have given the names of active efficient, passive efficient, and negative. The first of these states is represented in the ordinary living muscle in which the heart is working at full tension, and all parts of the body are thoroughly supplied with blood, with perfection of consciousness in waking hours, and, in a word, full life. The second of these states is represented in suspended animation, in which the heart is working regularly, but at low tension, supplying the muscles and other parts with sufficient blood to sustain the molecular life, but no more. The third of these states is represented when there is no motion whatever of blood through the body, as in an animal entirely frozen.

The second stage, the stage of passive efficiency, is that in which animation is usually suspended. The condition is a close semblance to the third stage, but differs from it in that under favoring circumstances the whole of the phenomena of the active efficient stage may be perfectly resumed, the heart suddenly enlarging in volume, from its filling with blood, and reanimating the whole organism by the force of its renewed stroke, in full tension.

So far as we have yet proceeded, the whole phenomena of restoration from death are accomplished during this stage. To those who are not accustomed to see them, they are no doubt very wonderful, looking like veritable restorations from death. They surprise even medical men the first time they are witnessed by them.

At the meeting of the British Medical Association at Leeds, a member of the Association was showing to a large audience the action of nitrous oxide gas, using a rabbit as the subject of his demonstrations. The animal was removed from the narcotizing chamber a little too late, for it had ceased to breathe, and it was placed on the table, to all appearances dead. At this stage I went to the table, and by use of a small pair of double-acting bellows restored respiration. In about four minutes there was revival of active irritability in the abdominal muscles, and two minutes later the animal leaped again into life, as if it had merely been asleep. There was nothing remarkable in the fact, but it excited, even in so cultivated an audience as was then present, the liveliest surprise.

The time during which an animal body

may be capable of re-animation from the state of passive efficiency depends altogether on one circumstance, viz., whether the blood, the muscular fluid, and the nervous fluid remain in a condition which I have defined in another essay as the aqueous condition, or whether these fluids have become pectous. If the fluids remain in the aqueous state the period during which life may be restored is left undefined. It may be a very long period, including weeks, and possibly months, granting that decomposition of the tissues is not established, and even after a limited process of decomposition, there may be renewal of life in cold-blooded animals. But if pectous change begins in any one of the structures I have named, it extends like a crystallization quickly through all the structures, and thereupon recovery is impossible, for the change in one of the parts is sufficient to prevent the restoration of all. Thus the heart may be beating, but the blood being pectous it beats in vain; or the heart may beat and the blood may flow, but the voluntary muscles being pectous, the beating is in vain; or the heart may beat, the blood may flow, and the muscles may remain in the aqueous condition, but the nerves being pectous the circulating action is in vain; or sometimes the heart may come to rest and the other parts may remain susceptible, but the motion of the heart and blood not being present to quicken them into activity, their life is in vain.

The problem physiologically before us is as follows: Can the second or passive-efficient stage of life be by any artificial methods secured, so that all the vital parts may be held in suspended animation, working at the lowest possible expenditure of vital power?

Experimental research and experience alike show the certain possibility of temporarily producing this state. Both show that there are agents and agencies by which life may be reduced to the low ebb necessary for suspension of active life, and at the same time the aqueous conditions of the colloidal fluids may be maintained. Cold is the first and the most efficient of these agencies. The blood and the colloidal animal fluids derived from it are all held in the aqueous condition of colloidal matter by exposure to cold at freezing-point. At this same point all vital acts, excepting, perhaps, the motion of the heart, may be temporarily arrested in an animal, and then some animals may continue apparently dead for long intervals of time, and may yet return

to life under conditions favorable to recovery.

In one of my lectures on death from cold, which I delivered in the winter session of 1867, some fish, which, during a hard frost, had been frozen in a tank at Newcastle-on-Tyne, were sent up to me by rail. They were produced in the completely frozen state at the lecture, and by careful thawing many of them were restored to perfect life. At my Croonian lecture on muscular irritability after systematic death, a similar fact was illustrated from frogs.

There seems in cold-blooded animals so circumstanced to be no recognizable limit of time after which they may not recover, but there is much skill required in promoting the recovery. If in thawing them the utmost care be not taken to thaw gradually, and at a temperature always below the natural living temperature of the animal, the fluids of the animal will pass from the frozen state through the aqueous into pectous so rapidly that death from the pectous change will be produced without perceiving any intermediate or life-stage at all. In warm-blooded animals it is extremely difficult to restore animation after suspension of life by cold, owing to the fact that in their more complex and differently-shielded organs, it is next to impossible to thaw equally and simultaneously all the colloidal fluids. In very young animals it can be done. Young kittens, a day or two old, that have been drowned in ice-cold water, will recover after two hours' immersion almost to a certainty, if brought into a dry air at a temperature of 98° F. The gentlest motion of the body will be sufficient to restart the respiration and therewith the life.

The nearest approach we see naturally to this state is in hibernating animals. In them the effects of cold in the season for hibernation and the recovery from the torpor are seen even in matured and old animals. In hibernation, however, there is not produced the complete stage of passive efficiency. There is in them a slow respiration and a low stage of active efficiency of circulation. The hibernating animal sleeps only; and while sleeping it consumes or wastes, and, if the cold be prolonged, it may die from wasting. From the sleep of hibernation also the animal can be roused by the common methods used for waking a sleeper, so that animation is not positively suspended.

Returning to the extreme effects of cold on animal bodies, it is hard to say whether

an animal like a fish, frozen equally through all its structures, is actually dead, in the strict sense of the word, seeing that if it be uniformly and equally thawed it may recover from a perfect glacial state. In like manner it may be doubted whether a healthy, warm-blooded animal, suddenly and equally frozen through all its parts, is dead, although it is not recoverable, because, in the very act of trying to restore it, some inequality in the direction is almost sure to determine a fatal issue owing to the transition of some vital centre into the pectous state of colloidal matter. I do not, consequently, see that cold can be of itself and alone utilized for maintaining suspended animation in the larger warm-blooded animals of full growth. At the same time cold will, for a long time, maintain, ready for motion, active organs locally subjected to it. Even after death this effect of it may be locally demonstrated, and has sometimes been so demonstrated to the wonder of the world. On January 17, in the year 1803, Aldini, the nephew of Galvani, created the greatest astonishment in London by a series of experiments which he conducted on a malefactor, twenty-six years old, named John Forster, who was executed at Newgate, and whose body, an hour after execution, was delivered over to Mr. Keate, master of the College of Surgeons, for research. The body had been exposed for an hour to an atmosphere two degrees below freezing-point, and from that cause, though Aldini does not seem to have recognized the fact, the voluntary muscles retained their irritability to such a degree that when Aldini begin to pass voltaic currents through the body some of the bystanders seem to have concluded that the unfortunate malefactor had come again to life. It is significant also that Aldini, in his report, says that his object was not to produce re-animation, but to obtain a practical knowledge how far galvanism might be employed as an auxiliary to revive persons who were accidentally suffocated, as though he himself were in some doubt.

In repeating Aldini's experiments on lower animals that had passed into death under chloroform, with the view of determining what is the best treatment for those human beings who sink under chloroform and other anæsthetics, I failed altogether to obtain the same results when the temperature of the day was high. Noticing this, I experimented at or below freezing-point, and then found that both by the electrical discharge and by injection of water heated to 130° F. into the muscles

through the arteries, active muscular movements could be produced in warm-blooded animals many hours after death. Thus, for lecture experiment I have removed one muscle from the body of an animal that had slept to death from chloroform, and, putting the muscle in a glass tube surrounded with ice and salt, I have kept it for several days in a condition for its making a final muscular contraction, and, by gently thawing it, have made it, in the act of final contraction, do some mechanical work, such as moving a long needle balanced on the face of a dial, or discharging a pistol.

In muscles so removed from the body and preserved ready for motion, there is, however, only one final act. For, as the blood and nervous supply are both cut off from it, there is nothing left in it but the reserve something that was fixed by the cold; but I do not see any reason why this should not be maintained in reservation for weeks or months, as easily as for days, in a fixed cold atmosphere.

Besides cold there are other agencies which hold the colloidal fluids in the aqueous state, and which, while they suspend the motor function, suspend without necessarily destroying life. Several agents of this class have been discovered.

Mandragora. — The first known of these suspending agents was mandragora. This was known as far back as Dioscorides. Dioscorides states that this vegetable substance may be administered in such a manner that the signs of active life may disappear, and sensibility be so far destroyed that the physician or surgeon may operate on the temporarily insensible without producing pain. The suspension of life from mandragora may extend over some hours, and the use of the agent probably was continued until the twelfth or thirteenth century. From the action of it doubtless comes the Shakespearian legend of Juliet. In modern times I have made the wine of mandragora, and found that it has the power originally attributed to it of suspending without destroying active life. The wine from it was the morion of the ancients, the fluid probably that was used by the Jewish women in the time of the Sanhedrim to destroy the sufferings of those who were under torture, and sometimes, perchance, to deceive the executioner and prevent the deadliness of his task.

The plant from which morion was originally made, the *Atropa belladonna* (deadly nightshade), has, in this country, similar properties to its ally the *Atropa mandra*

gora. In 1851 I attended at Mortlake two children who were poisoned for a time from eating the berries and chewing the leaves of the nightshade which they had gathered near to Richmond. The children were brought home insensible, and they lay in a condition of suspended life for seven hours, the greatest care being required to detect either the respiration or the movements of the heart. They nevertheless recovered.

Nitrite of Amyl. — In my original researches on the nitrite of amyl, one of the observations which most surprised me was the power of this agent to suspend animation. In the report I made to the British Association in 1864 on this subject, I showed that the life of the frog might be suspended for the period of nine days, and yet recovery to full and vigorous life might follow; that the same power of suspension, in a lesser degree, could be produced in warm-blooded animals, and that the heart of a warm-blooded animal would contract for the period of eighteen hours after apparent death. The action of the nitrite of amyl in causing suspended animation seemed to be like cold. It prevented the pectous change of colloidal matter, and so prevented *rigor mortis*, coagulation of blood, and solidification of nervous centres and cords. So long as this change was suspended return of vital function was possible. When the pectous change occurred, all was over, and resolution into new forms of matter by putrefaction was the result.

From the analogy of some of these symptoms from nitrite of amyl with the symptoms of the disease called catalepsy, I have ventured to suggest that, under some abnormal conditions, the human body itself, in its own chemistry, may produce an agent which causes the suspended life observed during the cataleptic condition.

Woorali in a similar manner suspends vital function; but as the influence of this agent has been more frequently under observation from other physiologists, I leave it with this mention of it.

Chloral Hydrate has many of the properties of the other substances named above in its power of suspending life. At the meeting of the British Association at Exeter, at which I made the earliest report in this country of Liebreich's remarkable discoveries, some pigeons, which had been put to sleep by the needle-injection of a large dose of chloral, fell into such complete resemblance of death, that they passed among an audience containing many physiologists and other men of sci-

ence for dead. For my own part I could detect no sign of life in them, and they were laid in one of the out-offices of the museum of the infirmary as dead. In this condition they were left late at night, but in the following morning they were found alive and as well as if nothing hurtful had happened to them.

Cyanogens. — Cyanogen gas and hydrocyanic acid, deadly poisons as they are, have the power in a singular degree of suspending animation. Combined with a sufficient degree of cold to prevent their evaporation from the body, their suspending power is of the most definite kind. In the laboratory of a large drug establishment a cat, by request of its owner, was killed, as it was assumed, instantaneously and painlessly by a large dose of Scheele's acid. The animal appeared to die without a pang, and presenting every appearance of death was laid in a sink to be removed on the next morning. At night the animal was lying still in form of death in the tank beneath a tap. In the morning it was found alive and well, but with the fur wet from the dropping of water from the tap. This fact was communicated to me by the eminent chemist under whose direct observation it occurred, in corroboration of an observation of mine similar in character.

Alcohol is another substance which holds the vital functions in suspense for long periods of time, the muscles retaining their excitability. In animals killed by alcohol in combination with cold, two influences which act powerfully together in the same direction, I found the muscular excitability could be retained at freezing-point for several hours even in birds. A remarkable similar experience, which I have elsewhere recorded, was obtained in the case of an intoxicated man who, while on the ice at the Welsh Harp Lake, fell into the water through a breakage in the ice, and who for more than fifteen minutes was completely immersed. This man was extricated to all appearances dead, but under artificial respiration, carried out by my friend, Dr. Belgrave, of Hendon, he was restored to consciousness and lived for several hours.

Oxygen. — It is not a little singular that pure oxygen gas possesses the power of suspending life, at all events in muscular fibre, when it is aided by condensation produced by cold; but I am on new ground here, with which I am not so conversant at present as I hope to be.

I have now shown as briefly as was possible that much is known in the world of science in respect to suspension of animal life by artificial means. It will be seen

that cold as well as various chemical agents has this power; and it is worthy of note that cold, together with the agents named, is antiseptic, as though whatever suspended living action, suspended also by some necessity or correlative influence the process of putrefactive change. Hence the inference I drew in my lecture at the Society of Arts, that it was within the range of experiment to preserve the structures of dead animals in a form of suspended molecular life.

If the experiments reported from Brisbane be reliable it is clear, I think, that what has been done has been effected by the combination of one of the chemical agents above named, or of a similar agent, in combination with cold, the efficiency of which combination we have seen in many of the experimental facts referred to above. The only question that exists at present is, not whether a new principle has been developed, but whether, in matter of detail, a new product has been discovered which, better than any of the agents we already possess, destroys and suspends animation. In organic chemistry, there are, I doubt not, hundreds of substances which, like mandragora and nitrite of amyl, would suspend the vital process, and it may be that a new experimenter has met with such an agent. It is not incredible indeed that the Indian fakirs possess a vegetable extract or essence which possesses the same power, and by means of which they perform their as yet unexplained feat of prolonged living burial: but I confess, on reading the Australian narrative, there is nothing suggested by it to my mind that might not be produced by agents already known. Making allowance for what is clearly a very enthusiastic description, there is nothing in an experiment related as made on a dog that might not have been produced by the subcutaneous injection of hydrate of chloral; neither is there anything in other experiments that might not follow from the injection of chloral or wooralin in a cold atmosphere. At the same time it is not also unreasonable to infer that a new product has been found which surpasses any we possess, and suspends animation for a longer period. My faith is most shaken first by the statement that the agent referred to is a secret, for men of true science know no such word; secondly, that the experimenter has himself to go to America to procure more supplies of his agents; and thirdly, that he requires two agents, one of which is antidotal to the other. I can understand the production of a definite effect from a

single; and others as well as myself have made out a great many facts respecting the antagonism of one agent by another. But in our researches on antagonistic physiological substances we require the agencies of absorption and circulation of the antidote, and how in a body bereft of motion and practically dead such absorption can take place I am unable to divine.

But even should the description given by the Australian journalist prove overdrawn or imaginative, I am not sorry it has appeared, since it has afforded a reason for relating in a plain and faithful manner to what actual extent human knowledge has been advanced by experiment on the subject under consideration. This duty, though it be but preliminary, is important as an introduction to those great events which in the future are sure to come from the positive results that have already been secured, and for which the world should be prepared, without anxiety or amazement.

BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.

From Temple Bar.

THE PROFESSOR'S NIECE.

A STUDY IN NEUTRAL TINTS.

CHAPTER IV.

SCHEVENINGUE.

A LONG, sandy shore, cut off from all the inland beauties of wood and meadow by the lumpy line of monotonous dunes or sandhills, covered with sparse, wiry, dry grasses, a row of ugly, staring, plaster hotels facing the sea; a broad terrace walk swarming with visitors of all nations. To the left a glimpse of a little fishing-village, with its numerous herring-boats and fantastically-dressed peasants; such was and is Scheveningue.

To some it seems a Sahara of sand, to others — especially to the swarms of children building sand castles on the soft, sandy shore — an elysium.

Wide and unbroken is the expanse of sea view, the sparkling blue waters flecked here and there with a distant sail, bound for some more lively place; for here there is no port, no pier, no sound or sight of actual busy life, save the little fishing-boats, which land their finny cargoes on the sand at ebb-tide.

Truly Scheveningue was a dreary place, but to Lisette it seemed enchantment, and, like the children on the shore, she too built castles of another sort.

The professor had, by a happy arrangement, reconciled both his own wishes and those of his niece.

He had a kinswoman at the Hague, *Mevrouw van der Goes*, wife of an official in high standing at the Colonial Office.

When *Mevrouw van der Goes* discovered the amazing fact that her cousin, the professor, had actually forsaken the university for the sake of his niece; when, moreover, she heard that the niece was rich and saw that the niece was pretty, her feelings of relationship waxed so strong that she constituted herself at once *Lisette's* chaperon, and devised all sorts of plans to make her stay at the Hague agreeable.

Every morning they went to *Scheveningue* by *Trekschuit*, leisurely contemplating the flat meadows and sluggish ditches, and the long, dull line of the bare sand-dunes.

It was the custom for all the *attachés* of the various legations to go to *Scheveningue* to bathe, and it was remarkable how popular all at once became the morning canal-boat.

Mevrouw van der Goes prided herself in being in court society, and knowing all the foreigners who composed the various foreign legations, as well as all the best people (meaning thereby the people who gave the best dinners) at the Hague.

So fond of dear *Lisette* did she become, that she vowed at the end of the week that it was impossible to part with her, so the professor, who was easily talked over to any arrangement which his niece desired, departed alone to *Leyden*.

The weeks which followed were enchantment to *Lisette*; early mornings spent in the fresh sea breezes at *Scheveningue*, breakfast on the terrace, with gossip *ad libitum* from *Mevrouw van der Goes*, who knew the inside of every family so minutely, that with her startling revelations and racy anecdotes she might have set a novelist up for life in stock-of-trade; a dreamy forenoon sitting on the seashore under the shelter of a huge wickerwork chair like that of a porter, watching the rippling waves lap the soft beach, with a dull, dead sound quite unlike the gurgling, melodious fall upon a pebbly shore. Afternoons were spent in driving to the pretty country-houses of *Mevrouw van der Goes's* friends, through villages with rows of clipped lime-trees, houses and people all looking like toys which a child had been arranging for its amusement. Parties or evening strolls at *Scheveningue* in *grande toilette* completed the day.

Never had *Lisette* been so happy: the idea of returning to the dullness of *Leyden* was like the dread which *Proserpine* must have felt when the time approached for a return to *Pluto's* kingdom.

Of all the numerous acquaintances which *Lisette* had made, none were so attentive, so agreeable, as *Count de Hoven*.

Early in the morning he sped to the canal-boat, to be the first to offer his hand and help *Lisette* on board. With exemplary patience he listened to the innumerable anecdotes which *Mevrouw van der Goes* poured out for his benefit concerning the past and present members of every legation and embassy.

"Awful old hag," he said, after undergoing this for several days. "I declare, she must keep paid spies about the place, she knows everything. I declare, she ought to be burnt as a witch."

"I think so too," said *Mr. Drawley*, to whom the remark was made. "I always call her the social vulture; she revels in gossip and evil, much as that delightful bird enjoys a carcase."

"Only the feast is never-ending, for the same poor old bones are picked over and over again, and each time that she exhumes her pet skeleton she shakes its bones more viciously than the last."

"Gossip should be taxed," said *Mr. Greenleaf Parrot*; "it would afford a very great income, and clear off the national debt of a country in no time if all old witches like that one had to buy a license for gossip."

"It pleases her and it don't hurt me," said *Count de Hoven*.

"Don't be too sure," said *Mr. Parrot*. "I calculate she could put a spider in your dumpling, if you displeased her."

This oracular sentence convulsed even the languid *Mr. Drawley* with laughter.

"Oh, she won't be easily displeased with me. I send her a bouquet every evening, and I have invited her to a supper-party, and she is charmed with me."

"As much as you are with her niece?" suggested *Mr. Drawley*.

"Adieu! I'm off to see some fresh curiosities at *Enthoven's*. He always sends me word when he has a *trouvaille*, and he has come across one now."

"What's that, *mon ami*?" cried *Count Alphonse de Rouge*.

"Have you not heard of the charming old house which has been left to the *Neupergs*? It has never been altered in any way since the seventeenth century; it is full of quaint old furniture and bric-à-brac. In any other country it would be preserved

as a national curiosity; here they sell it to the Jews, with a proviso that no foreigners may go into the house before it is dismantled."

What Mr. Greenleaf Parrot predicted in joke was verified in earnest ere a few days had past.

The Count de Hoven in honor of Lisette, determined to give an evening party in his rococo house, and of course Madame van der Goes chaperoned her cousin.

There was a great deal to see and to admire, and Otto was in his element as he lectured on the history and merits of each cabinet and vase in his *recherché* abode.

Madame van der Goes had no training in such matters, and, truth to say, would have much preferred a common well-stuffed drawing-room chair to the hard and artistically carved seats provided by the count.

"You don't seem to admire this miracle of taste," said Count Alphonse de Rougé, approaching the portly old lady, who was suppressing her yawns behind her fan.

"Well, it is a good thing for the curiosity-shops, at any rate, that there are some people who like old, worm-eaten things, and I can assure you, Monsieur le Comte, that all those buffets and carvings are in a shocking state. When I married Van der Goes, I turned out all the old lumber of that sort, and had good, handsome modern mahogany furniture put in its place."

"For heaven's sake don't tell our friend so, for he would be horrified; not but what I agree with you, for really some of these chairs are hardly safe to sit upon. I would advise your trying that one," he said, pointing to an old armchair with a tapestry back, "there — by that table."

The exchange was made, and Madame van der Goes, seeing some large albums on the table, began to study their contents.

They were admirable caricatures of every member of the society, the likenesses unmistakable, and the wit undeniable to every one except the actual victim.

Madame van der Goes chuckled as she saw one of her acquaintances, whose sharp sayings she had dreaded all her life, depicted as a fury adorned with serpents; a pompous old chamberlain portrayed as a crowing cock, and others placed in absurd and comical situations; she was very well amused, until all at once she perceived a speaking likeness of herself as a cow eating the luxuriant grass of a polder, beside a sluggish canal.

All at once she remembered having set agoing some *jeux innocents* at her house in which every one was to choose what beast

they would like to be and to give a reason for their choice.

Lisette had chosen a swallow, that she might always be *en voyage*, on which Mr. Drawley suggested aside to Mr. Parrot, "Oh, swallow, swallow flying north," with a scarcely perceptible motion of his eye towards Count Otto.

Madame van der Goes had boldly declared she would like to be a cow, and given as a reason of her preference the pleasure of perpetually browsing on the rich soft grass of the polders. Being slightly elephantine, the choice had seemed self-evident to all, and there was no laughter or remark made at the time; but the joke had been too good to be forgotten, and had forthwith found its way into Count Otto's book for the delectation of his friends.

Disgusted with the world in general and Count Otto in particular, the good lady moved uneasily on her seat, as she shoved the offending volume away from her. At that very moment the worm-eaten old chair suddenly collapsed, in such a way that Madame van der Goes remained prisoner in a most undignified posture, nose and knees together, unable to extricate herself alone, or to do more than to let off a volley of angry gutturals.

Every one turned and laughed except Count Otto, who, advancing to the irate old lady with a thousand apologies, offered her his hands to extricate her from the comical position.

"I am sure, madame, I owe you a hundred apologies that you should have met such an accident in my house. I shall blow up my servant well for not putting that chair out of the way."

Madame van der Goes made a faint effort to smile, as if she graciously accepted his apology, but her face was red like a lurid sunset, and by the active fluttering of her huge fan it was easy to see that the commotion in her mind was far from being allayed.

"I should advise your having some good modern chairs before you ask any more of your friends to risk their lives in coming to your house," she said in an acidulated tone.

"Pray come to supper, it will do you good; you need a glass of champagne after such an unfortunate accident," said Count Otto, offering his arm.

"I hope the food is not to be in character too?" said the irate lady.

"No, the food is all modern; by-the-by, I have a salmon six feet long, sent from the Neva, packed in ice. Do let me give

you some; and though the wine is not of that epoch, I have some which is, I believe, at least a hundred years old."

In spite of all Count Otto's attentions, Madame van der Goes could not recover her composure, or her usual flow of malicious anecdote, and when the party broke up, Mr. Greenleaf Parrot said confidentially to Count Alphonse, "I calculate you were up to a knowing dodge when you made the old hippopotamus sit in that Noah's-ark armchair; I guess you have put a spider in his dumpling."

Lisette, on the contrary, had been in the seventh heaven of delight, Count Otto had been so devoted, so flattering, he had so completely made her feel that the party had been made solely for her, and ere she departed he had, while showing her his drawings, put in her hand a lovely sketch of herself as a lovely little swallow, which he had done in memory of the *jeux innocents*.

"Do you like it?" he said.

"Oh, so very much; but you must not keep it here for every one to laugh at it."

"It is only for myself; but I will give it to you on one condition."

"Name it, Monsieur le Comte."

"That you will give me the original?"

A flush rose to Lisette's face, she bent over the book to avoid the remarks of critical eyes, and murmured "Yes."

What mattered it to Lisette that Madame van der Goes was cross and frumpy, and found fault with the house and all the arrangements of the party; she was absorbed in visions of a wonderful future, a never-ending dream of delight, with Otto forever at her side.

Early the next morning she received a note from the count, saying that he would ride over to see the professor, and begging Lisette not to say a word to Madame van der Goes until all was settled.

CHAPTER V.

"I THINK I must go back to my aunt, dear cousin," said Lisette the next morning. "I have been so long away, that the dear old people will be quite forgetting me."

Of course Mevrouw van der Goes made every objection possible, and urged Lisette to consider her house quite as a home and come back whenever she felt inclined.

Lisette was too happy not to be gracious to every one. She assured her cousin that she had never been so happy in her life, overwhelmed her with thanks, and promised very soon to return.

Her poor little head was full of castles in the air. She was dreaming of herself as a permanent star in the society she had found so charming, mistress of all those lovely things which adorned Count Otto's house, and always amused and talked to by the most charming of mortals, whose very name seemed to her the most melodious which she had ever heard.

Of course they would take a tour to Italy, and then come back to the Hague. She would not mind a year or two in Holland with him, and then they would go over the hills and far away, become acquainted with Europe and America, perhaps even go to Japan — fie! no, she could not like that — that would be like passing one's life in the Japanese museum at Leyden.

She was surprised out of her dreams by sundry sharp remarks which her worthy cousin launched at the head of Count Otto, laughing at his absolute want of taste, and even common sense, in having those detestable old worm-eaten chairs and tables.

Knowing one of the causes of offence which had arisen, Lisette was not surprised, as of course she could see that it must have been most irritating to the portly lady to be placed in such an awkward predicament.

The drive to Leyden was somewhat silent; both ladies had plenty to think of, Lisette her dreams of the future, Mevrouw van der Goes her practical vengeance to carry out on an offender.

She took her old friend Geertje aside, and gave a wonderful account of her sagacious behaviour as chaperon.

"Really it was audacious the way those foreigners all made up to Lisette when it was known that she had money; it was like flies after a honey-pot. I kept them at a distance, as you may suppose, dear."

"Thank you," replied the professor's wife; "really it is absurd. Lisette is far too young to marry, she is quite a child, and of course a foreigner is quite out of the question."

"Oh! of course. Now there was a nice young man, one of the chamberlains, Sootibrod van Pottum, who was much taken with her. Next winter, if you let her come to me, I can settle that."

"I have other views," said Geertje, coldly; "the son of my oldest friend is much attached to Lisette, and comes here frequently."

"Naturally you know best. I only wished to warn you about those foreigners, and unluckily Lisette speaks Dutch so badly that she gets on much better with

foreigners than with her own countrymen. Now there is a Russian *attaché* I must warn you of, Count Otto de Hoven, a regular spendthrift. He thinks nothing of giving thousands of florins for old musty-fusty things which you or I would turn out of our garrets without looking at. I hear that he is over head and ears in debt. Well, I am sure he is making up to Lisette, and I thought it my duty to warn you."

"No chance of his meeting her here," said Geertje with a grim chuckle; "we never ask foreigners to this house, except perhaps some Chinese or Japanese who comes to consult my husband."

"Oh! that's all right then, but I knew I ought to warn you."

The two ladies returned to the drawing-room, where Lisette was exhaling her feelings on the piano, in blissful unconsciousness of what had been plotted.

"I must say Liesje does you credit," said her aunt, contemplating her critically. "Why, what a color the child has, to be sure."

The child's color had been caused by the sound of a horse trotting in the street: it might be the count, but it was not, so Lisette took refuge again in castle-building, giving very monosyllabic answers to all her cousin's appeals to her as to her opinions about the society and charms of the Hague.

The same evening Count Otto rode over, a flower in his buttonhole, and with the air of a conquering hero. "There never was such a piece of good luck," he said to himself, "as my meeting with Lisette, she is such a pretty little thing, she will look well anywhere. I never saw prettier eyes or such lovely hair; and what a mercy it is that she has learned French as a native language and speaks it so well, and has such charming manners. I could never have made up my mind, like Rückert, to marry a Yankee heiress who spoke voluble bad French. Decidedly I'm in luck. I hope the old mummified uncle will not be a stiff customer. I dare say he will think it a precious catch for his niece. Why, she may be ambassadress some day. I'm glad the girl is away from that old hag. By Jupiter, didn't she look in a rage when she fell through the chair?"

Musing in this way, Count Otto rode blithely along the shady road which led to Leyden, past countless villas, with their ponds green with duckweed, which a lazy apathetic boor was skimming off like cream with a large spoon-shaped oar.

At last he reached the house, which Lisette had described to him, dismounted,

rang, and asked for the professor, throwing his horse's bridle to his groom.

Miekje, in all her finery, opened the door, and led him along the cool, spacious corridor to the professor's sanctum.

It was in the proverbial state of untidiness of a genuine student's snuggery: the table, littered with manuscripts in Oriental tongues, seemed to Otto like some old wizard's cabalistic spells.

After waiting some time the professor came in, looking very stiff and formidable.

Mevrouw Donker Curtius, who had been put well on her guard by her offended friend, guessed at once the nature of the visit, and had poured into the ear of the professor, in the short space of five minutes, enough gossip to wreck the reputation of the unfortunate count.

The old professor accordingly had on his most uncompromising and repulsive manner as he entered the room and politely asked his unexpected visitor to be seated.

The count sat down, and, in the most imperturbable manner, commenced with a thousand apologies for venturing to call on the learned professor without due formality of introduction. "I have but one excuse, which I hope may find favor in your eyes, that I may lay claim to the title of one of Mademoiselle Donker Curtius's most ardent admirers."

The old gentleman merely bowed again. "How shall I ever warm the old mummy into life?" thought the count. "He has no heart; he is an old fossil."

"We are not in court society," said the old professor, dryly. "My wife and I have a great many local interests and occupations, and we regret that it will be impossible for us to receive all the many friends whom Lisette has made in the capital."

"I would fain urge my claim not to be considered in the mere category of Mademoiselle Lisette's admirers," said the slightly disconcerted *attaché*, who had never yet met with such a rebuff, "but to place myself in the ranks of those who esteem and love her for her many perfections."

"Lisette is a child," answered the old man, gravely; "she is an orphan, the only child of my much-prized brother. I am accountable for her happiness, and, according to my views of duty, it would not add to her happiness to admit the chance of a marriage settlement out of her own country."

"But, sir, suppose that your niece should have views of her own concerning what would best promote her happiness?"

"Lisette is far too young to be allowed to form any plans for herself. When she is of age of course the decision will rest with her; at present the responsibility lies upon my shoulders."

"But, sir, if I were to tell you that I have reason to believe that your niece responds to my sentiments?"

"That would in no case alter my views. Girls ought to have at least several years' acquaintance with any one before they even listen to proposals of marriage, and I cannot think that my niece's acquaintance with you has been of long enough duration to warrant either of you in supposing that you are in any way understood by the other."

"Will you allow me the opportunity of continuing to cultivate the acquaintance of your niece at your house?"

"I think, sir, I have already told you that we belong to a different class of society; it would not suit either my wife or myself, at our time of life, to increase our acquaintances out of our own circle."

"May I at least be permitted to see your niece before I leave?"

The old gentleman looked much perplexed at this audacious proposal, but, firm to his wife's instructions, responded coldly, "It is better not; it might only put false notions into the child's head."

"False notions!" cried the count, hotly.

"There can be no falseness in telling her the depth and strength of my affection for her. And, sir, you must surely have very prejudiced views of foreigners, if your only reason for thus refusing all my offers is that I am not a Dutchman. I was wrong in not telling you that I belong to one of the oldest families in Courland, that when I am twenty-five years of age I shall inherit a property worth three hundred thousand gulden a year, so that I could in every way provide for your niece as you might wish."

"All that does not affect the question, sir," said the old professor, more kindly now that he saw that the youth before him seemed to be completely in earnest, and could not, moreover, be quite the adventurer that he had been represented; "but still I must in duty to my niece close this unfortunate affair, and I must wish you good day, Monsieur le Comte."

"I shall still hope to hear that you have changed your mind, sir, after communicating this interview to mademoiselle, your niece."

So saying, Otto de Hoven rose; the professor opened the door for him to go without a word, and in a minute more Otto

had vaulted on to the back of his horse, bitterly grieved and annoyed at the result of a conversation which he expected would have passed off so differently.

Before he left he looked up at the window. There stood Lisette, with a puzzled expression of face, and as he bowed to her she kissed her hand to him.

"Aunt," said Lisette, turning to Geertje, who sat steadily knitting as if her livelihood depended upon it, "why has my uncle not brought up Count Otto here? I do so want you to know him."

"I am too old to increase my acquaintances, Liesje."

"Ah, but you must make an exception in this instance," cried Lisette with heightened color; "because the count is a very particular friend of mine—in fact, he has asked me to marry him."

"Most surprising," said Mevrouw, dropping one of her knitting-needles, and fumbling about in the thick carpet to find it.

Lisette was down on her knees in a moment to pick it up, and as she gave it to her aunt she laid down her head on her knee and said, "Aunt, I accepted Count Otto."

Lisette had imagined that the kind heart of Geertje would have been touched, and that a soft hand would press her head and a kind voice wish her joy, so she was amazed when her aunt spoke, after a pause,—

"Niece, such conduct was both unladylike and improper. If Count de Hoven had been a gentleman, he would have written or spoken first to your uncle. Do you suppose that Cornelis ever acted so?"

Surprised and irritated as she was, Lisette almost laughed aloud at her uncle being held up as a model for all lovers.

"Well, it can't be helped, he has asked uncle now, and so no great harm is done."

"Lisette! I am amazed to hear you speak so. No harm done, indeed! Why, the greatest harm has been done; your poor little head has been turned by the attentions of an interested bad man, who only cares for your money."

"He doesn't, aunt, he has plenty of his own! I don't believe it, I have heard just the reverse."

"Lisette! young girls know nothing about the world, they are easily deceived, they judge only by appearances. It is lucky for them that older people have more judgment and discretion."

"But, aunt, you should see him, and judge for yourself."

"Certainly not," said Mevrouw, "the affair is all over. I beg you to understand

that neither your uncle nor I can entertain the idea for one moment. Put the subject out of your head once and forever, niece."

Lisette was petrified with dismay and disappointment; tears rushed to her eyes, and she hastened to her own room to brood over her misfortunes.

As she sat crying over the hopelessness of ever seeing Count Otto again, and brooding over the cruelty of her aunt, Miekje gently entered the room.

"Oh! my dear young lady, whatever is the matter?" cried the kindhearted girl, who had made up quite a romance in her head since the unwonted visitor's departure.

In her loneliness, and for want of any other confidence, Lisette poured out her griefs into the attentive ear of the pretty maid, who stood with a perplexed countenance beside her.

"It is shameful, downright cruel of *Mevrouw*! But never mind, *Freule*, write a nice, long letter to the fine young gentleman, and tell him all about it: I will post it for you, and I will keep all your letters in my pocket for you, when the postman brings them, and so *Mevrouw* will never know."

In default of better advice, Lisette acted on this suggestion, and wrote off a long letter to Count Otto, expressing her regret and amazement at her uncle and aunt's behavior, but expressing her full determination to keep her own promise, come what might.

No sooner was the letter despatched by the hands of the faithful Miekje, than poor Lisette was overwhelmed with compunction and anxiety. The cautious Dutch side of her character came into play, and she began to wonder if really Count Otto only wished to marry her for her money. What an odious idea! Surely there was something in her deserving a better fate.

"Am I ugly and awkward?" she said, advancing to the cheval-glass which reflected her pretty face and figure. The inspection was satisfactory. Lisette gave a sigh of relief. "Surely I am not stupid? I am, of course, very ignorant; but I never feel at a loss for something to say, and the greater the crowd of people, the more thoughts rush through my brain and words fly to my lips. Of course I am not artistic, I am not a grand musician, or painter; but to please Otto I would learn anything. Surely — surely he must love me — not my money."

Lisette was romantic. She had studied English by means of reading novels of the most high-flown description, and life being

so dull and prosaic around her, she had conjured up an ideal state of existence, furnished out with second-hand heroes and heroines, in which she habitually lived, consequently Count Otto was credited with every imaginary talent and virtue, and as she dwelt upon her fancy picture of his character, all her doubts as to mercenary views faded into the background, or only remained as an additional reason for disliking and mistrusting her aunt, as a hard, cruel, and suspicious old woman.

The next morning Miekje watched for an opportunity when Lisette was alone to hand her most mysteriously a letter with a large seal.

"I told you that I would keep it safe; he has been quick in writing," said the delighted confidante.

The letter was just what might have been expected, and more than came up to Lisette's expectations: it was respectful, devoted, heart-broken. Count Otto entreated Lisette to intercede for him with her uncle and aunt, and to let him hear the result.

She did her best, she faced her uncle all alone in his study, she sobbed and cried and assured him she would die unless he changed his mind about Count Otto.

In vain — Geertje only sent for a sedative from the apothecary, while the old professor repeated the same formula: "You are too young, my child, and we must be on our guard against foreigners."

Had Lisette not kept up a constant correspondence, and cherished hope in her heart, she would have been miserable.

As it was, she grew pale and thin, and even the old professor remarked upon it to his wife, and suggested as a diversion that he would show her the museum at the university.

"Do you think it will amuse me to see Charles the Fifth's old boots, or the Scotch goose which is said to develop out of the leaves of a tree?"* said Lisette, with some of her old pertness.

In spite of coffee-drinkings innumerable at the houses of *Mevrouw* Donker Curtius's friends, in spite of coaxings and exhortations, tirades and anecdotes about heiresses who had been flattered and beguiled by mercenary lovers, Lisette remained immovable in her position, and perpetually told her aunt that "of course I must submit now, but when I am of age I shall take my own way and marry Otto."

Otto in the mean time felt much disap-

* These articles really form part of the Leyden Museum.

pointed and amazed. He thought to have carried off the little heiress in the "*veni, vidi, vici*" style, and now, lo and behold! he was extinguished, put out of court by a pair of old provincial fogies, and made to feel that he was an impostor and mercenary wretch.

The grain of truth in this smote him hard, he knew it was well deserved, so his conscience winced.

Difficulties changed his self-interested fancy for the pretty girl into a genuine true feeling of affection, and for the first time in his life Otto did not feel entirely sufficing to himself. There was a blank in his existence since he missed the pretty little heiress in the morning canal-boat, and the houses he frequented seemed dull, and the conversation dull, without the gay laugh and original talk of Lisette.

He rode to Leyden day after day, but only by rare good luck did he catch a glimpse of her at the window.

"Such a state of things must come to an end," he said to himself, but he could not see how to bring about a change.

His friends chaffed him on his absent manners, and rallied him as a rejected lover.

It was hard to bear.

CHAPTER VI.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"So, so, nephew mine, at last I have the honor of seeing you," said Countess Zina of Bebrowsky to Otto de Hoven. "I have been waiting the last half-hour for you — you young men are so unpunctual."

"Dear aunt, I was unexpectedly detained by work at the embassy. I grudged every moment which kept me away from you," said the count; "but to gratify my curiosity, what upon earth has brought you to this land of *canaux, canards, canaille*?"

"Well, if you are particularly anxious to know, nothing but my auntly solicitude for a certain ne'er-do-weel nephew of mine, of whom I have heard nothing but strange tales since my arrival."

Countess Zina here looked at her nephew with a comically reproving smile, and shook her head slowly. She was a bright, active little woman with basilisk eyes which seemed to see everything; middle-aged, but with more than the usual activity of youth.

She was a widow, free to follow her own inclinations, which led her to a ceaseless life of roaming all over Europe.

It was said that the Countess Zina's

political sympathy in the last Polish revolution had been too *prononcé* to please at court, and she had received a hint to keep away from Russia.

However that might be, she was always *en voyage*; and not a visitor at Mentone, Cannes, Biarritz, or Pau but knew the fame of her charming *réunions*, where the cleverest and most amusing people were invariably gathered together.

She spoke every European language, knew all the social and literary gossip of the day, had the happy knack of making every one at ease in her society, so without any startling accomplishment or talent, she was universally popular, and every one talked of the fascinating manners of the Countess Zina.

"Tell me, you naughty boy," she continued, "is it true what I hear, that you have actually stirred up a Dutchman to fight a duel? What was it all about?"

"All true. I have fought a duel, and a comical one it was: it will teach those Leyden students to mend their manners."

"I would remark *en passant, mon ami*, that educating the natives forms no acknowledged part of a diplomat's duty that I ever heard of; but tell me all about it. You know I like a long story. Begin at the beginning with 'Once upon a time,' and I suppose some time the story will end 'they lived happily ever after' — eh?"

"Not much chance of that, unless your quick wits come to the rescue, my adorable aunt."

"I abhor flattery, nephew. Come to the point; of course there is some fair lady at the bottom of all this."

"I assure you I don't flatter, and unless you can help me I shall be in despair."

"Help you?"

"Yes, for there is no one else in the world that I know half so clever in seeing their way through an imbroglio, and I am in one if ever man was."

"Well, tell, tell, I promise you my best advice."

"To begin with, you know, I suppose, that I am suffering from a chronic complaint of want of money, and my old uncle refuses to increase my allowance, and suggests that I should leave diplomacy and farm my own property in Courland."

"Nonsense! Waldemar is an old fool. Surely you are of age?"

"No. By my father's will, I am not of age before twenty-five, and I am only twenty-three."

"Find an heiress!"

"Well, that's just what I have done,

and a charming little creature too. I tell you, aunt, I really am in love with her."

"A Dutch heiress — heavy and phlegmatic?" said the aunt, with a look of disgust.

"Don't be prejudiced, aunt; a bright little fairy, as merry as a bird, and pining to death in the dullest old house you ever saw. The worst is, she has an old aunt like a dragon, who hates foreigners, can hardly speak a word of French, and is particularly antagonistic to me — has made her husband refuse my offers and forbidden me the house."

"I will get introduced to her."

"Impossible. *Mevrouw Donker Curtius* prides herself on hating foreigners. I cannot get admission to the enchanted castle of dullness in which my princess lives, and it is all *à propos* of her that I fought this duel."

"Come, you must have established a claim to her affection by such an exhibition of prowess."

"Oh yes, she sent me the prettiest little note, but as I cannot meet her anywhere, what am I to do? And there is no end of a fuss at the legation about the student."

"Did you kill him?"

"Oh no! winged the fellow, and serve him right too. Think of the behavior of the creature — it was the evening after the procession of students at Leyden. They had all been riding round the town in costumes of the Middle Ages, representing the entry of the Duc d'Artois into Antwerp. They were intoxicated with vanity at the unwonted excitement; perhaps, too, my man, who is called Van Dam something or another, had partaken too freely of *Schnaps*. However that may be, I was walking backwards and forwards looking at Lisette, who was sitting in a balcony, with a party of professors and her old aunt, this chap among them, trying to do the civil."

"I had bowed several times to Lisette; I saw the old aunt look furious, she said something to this Van Dam, and, could you believe it, the ruffian threw a glass of beer he held in his hand right into my face."

"Atrocious! abominable!" cried the countess.

"Of course I could not stand it, so the first thing I did was to send the animal a challenge."

"Quite right too, I applaud your spirit. But what next?"

"Well, that's what I expect you to suggest."

The countess remained very thoughtful

for a few minutes, during which she played with her eyeglass, and screwed up one eye as if lost in deep reflection.

"Nephew, you must remember that you are a gentleman, of noble family — I cannot have you exposed to the insinuation that you are solely actuated by love of money. You must marry this girl, you like her, she likes you — she wants the position, you want the money — a very good exchange, none will be the loser — you cannot run away with her — I don't approve of such things, but I will."

A burst of laughter from De Hoven greeted this remarkable proposal.

"What is there to laugh at, *mon ami*?"

"Oh, aunt, you are really too amusing. You are the most wonderful schemer in Europe. This beats even your plan for the escape of Prejinsky, after the emperor had sentenced him to Siberia for life."

"Hush, nephew, don't recall the past, I have no memory. I advise you if you wish to get on in life to have no memory, it is very inconvenient; no one thanks you for remembering the past; we forget the past, we hate the present, we live in the future, so now let us consider the future."

"Adorable aunt, you are Seneca in petticoats, and a great deal more lively than ever he was."

"A truce to compliments, Otto, let us consider facts. Who is there in the old professor's house on whom you can depend?"

"There's a pretty girl called Miekje, who sends the notes from Lisette, but I can hardly understand her jargon."

"Take me to Leyden. I will look about me and give you my opinion in a day or two, perhaps sooner. Is there no garden or boulevard where I could see the lovely Lisette?"

Otto frowned and meditated. "No, nothing of the sort."

"Well then, some museum, picture-gallery, or library?"

"Yes, the Japanese Museum, which her old uncle glories in."

"The very place; write at once and ask her to meet you at the Japanese Museum to-morrow forenoon. I shall be there, you leave the rest to me. We will drive over early to-morrow morning; remember you get up and breakfast with me at eight, sharp."

Early the next morning the Countess Zina de Bebrowsky and her nephew drove along the pretty shady road to Leyden, talking energetically as to their plans.

"Tell me, aunt, what you propose to do?"

"Carry off Lisette to England."

"And what am I to do?"

"You can go to Paris, and from there write to the old professor. Say that he had refused your permission to marry his niece, that you loved her to distraction, that you would not for worlds expose her or yourself to any imputation of folly, therefore you had not accompanied her to England, whither she had gone with your aunt until he gave his willing permission for the marriage."

"I never heard of such a plot, it is enchanting. When may I come to England?"

"That depends on how long it takes to settle matters. I should think it could not be many weeks ere the old gentleman gives in."

"I wonder what Lisette will say?"

"Leave that to me. Don't tell her that you are not to come with us—that would spoil all."

Lisette had, without great difficulty, obtained permission from her aunt to go alone to the museum. She had won her heart by offering to dust the contents of some peculiarly precious cases of carved ivory in the museum.

"There's hopes of the girl yet," said Mevrouw to her ancient handmaiden, Piepje.

Piepje shook her head sadly.

In anticipation of meeting De Hoven, Lisette walked joyfully along the quiet streets, meditating on what the interview might bring forth.

She had exhausted herself in appeals to her uncle and aunt to let her marry the man she fancied she loved, but all her efforts to bring them to her views were in vain.

"A courtship should last two years," said Mevrouw; "all properly educated people admit that in two years you become acquainted with a person's likings and dislikings, you see whether they are careful, prudent, possessed of genuine, solid acquirements. I was three years in making up my mind to marry Cornelis," said the demure matron, "and I think that no girl, with any sense of delicacy, could be less than two. Don't you agree with me, my dear?" she said, appealing to her husband.

"Certainly, Geertje, it is a national custom, and a very good one. Matrimony above all things requires careful consideration; other nations are more precipitate than we are, and see the consequence—quarrels, divorces, scandals of all kinds. Lisette must not give way to light and

childish fancies for persons concerning whom she knows nothing in reality."

Lisette shrugged her shoulders, anything but convinced, and had immediately gone off to write to Count de Hoven an account of the mountain of prejudice which seemed to separate them.

She had not met him since the day when Van Dam den Bouwmeester had so insulted him.

The subsequent duel had quite raised him to the rank of a hero in her eyes, and she longed to praise him for his prowess.

Judge of her surprise at seeing him enter the museum accompanied by a bright, active little lady, whose black eyes seemed to pierce her through and through as Otto de Hoven introduced her as "his aunt."

"I am glad to see Monsieur le Comte is none the worse of his duel."

"You did not think my antagonist very dangerous, did you?"

"No! and I heard that he was in an awful fright, never slept all night before the meeting, and sent me a touching adieu in verse."

"I too shall have to say adieu," said De Hoven; "I fear after this stupid affair I shall have to leave the country, everything is so exaggerated, you know, and our minister is the most punctilious old fellow in the world."

"You leave—will it be soon?" said Lisette, turning pale. "Shall you never return?"

"He must leave in a few days," said his aunt; "that is why we came here to-day, that I might make your acquaintance, mademoiselle, and give you both my advice."

"How sad—I never thought that would be the result of this duel," said Lisette, with a downcast countenance, while in spite of all her endeavors some traitorous tears started to her eyes.

"I see I am de trop. I shall examine all these 'curiosities,'" said the countess; "you two take leave of each other and settle your affairs."

So the countess wandered up and down the museum, deeply absorbed apparently in all its quaint and grotesque contents, and when Otto and Lisette joined her, the bright flush on Lisette's cheek and the happiness of her smiling countenance showed that the *lête-à-lête* had not been displeasing to her.

"To-night, then, is it?" said the countess, putting up her eyeglass to have a fuller view of the girl.

"It is all settled, my aunt," said Otto.

"Then I shall have the pleasure of introducing Mademoiselle Donker Curtius into English society."

Lisette looked puzzled.

She only knew that De Hoven planned an elopement. She was romantic, all was to be *en règle*, a rope-ladder was to be taken up to her room by Miekje, and about two in the morning, when the household was drowned in sleep, Lisette was to descend out of her window into the garden.

The romance charmed her, also the delight in so shocking the severe decorum of the professor and Mevrouw.

The future danced before her eyes like a fairy-land. What could be more charming than to have a lover who would carry her off in spite of all opposition? It seemed like a chapter in a novel!

Slowly passed the afternoon and the evening. The professor dozed, Mevrouw knitted, and the click of the needles alone broke the silence. Lisette felt no compunction about leaving them in this sudden way.

They had not understood her, she could never understand them and their slow, lifeless existence, it was better they should part and each go on their own way. That her way would be perfect felicity, she never doubted for a moment.

The greatest embarrassment she felt was how she should dress and what she should take.

A white muslin dress would be a cold thing to travel in all night, and how her best dresses would be tumbled if she rolled them up in a bundle! Besides, how could she take a big bundle — it would look like a washerwoman!

The practical details were truly puzzling. A rope-ladder had been conveyed in a washing-basket to her room by the faithful Miekje, but it was really terrible to think of going down it. Suppose she fell and broke her leg?

Agitated by these very prosaic reflections, the night passed away slowly to Lisette, and the old clock chimed one ere she had arrayed herself in the most becoming and suitable toilette she could think of. In spite of all she could do, her bundle of clothes looked like a feather-bed; it was very vulgar, it took off the romance terribly, still there were things she could not leave behind. Lisette had little money, for her aunt did not think it wise to give her too much; but taking what she had and her few trinkets, she began to prepare for her departure.

The rope-ladder looked terribly fragile, and she had a thousand fears about trust-

ing herself to it. She opened the window and looked out. The night was dark and rainy; to get out of her window and go down into the darkness seemed awful.

At last she heard a low whistle, and saw a light in the garden.

Summoning up all her courage, she fastened the ladder to the window and an active form sprang up; Otto was beside her, encouraging and cheering her.

"My bundle must go," cried Lisette, with the calm of her Dutch origin.

"Here goes," said the count, flinging it out of the window right on to the professor's dearly-loved carnation-bed. "And now I will support you; trust to me."

In a few minutes Lisette was safe on the ground, having sustained no further damage than the loss of her shoe. It was awkward, but who thinks of such trifles as wetting their feet under such circumstances?

"You brave girl! Come, my darling, here is the way," cried Otto, leading her along the garden, and out into a lane, where a carriage stood awaiting them; "if we must part it is but for a few days."

"Part!" cried Lisette in amazement.

"Yes, my dear," said the voice of the countess. "I will take care of you, and Otto shall come in a few days. Say good-bye, there is no time to be lost if we are to catch the steamer from Rotterdam."

Into the carriage Lisette got beside the countess, and after a lover-like parting from Otto the carriage drove off full speed to Rotterdam.

Lisette was taken by surprise, amazed and bewildered by the whole affair. It seemed a strange *dénouement* to an elopement to be driving rapidly away from her lover with an elderly lady with whom she had scarcely exchanged ten words.

The romance evaporated very quickly under the influence of the countess's sharp, quick manner and lively talk.

She explained the whole affair to Lisette, talked of *bienséance* and the verdict of the world, assured her it was the very best thing which could be done, told her stories and made her laugh, and finally ordered her to go to sleep in the corner of the carriage, quite as peremptorily and prosaically as Mevrouw Donker Curtius could have done.

Early in the morning the professor descended into his garden, to see his dearly prized flowers.

Judge of his amazement to see the carnations all broken and trampled down, the

mignonette crushed into the damp earth, and footsteps on the flower-borders.

As he had not put his spectacles on, he did not descry the ladder dangling from his niece's window, and began in a sorrowful way to call his wife to come and see the terrible mischief "those cats" had done in the night.

"Cats indeed!" cried Mevrouw. "Burglars or thieves!" she added, seeing the footsteps all over the garden plots. Then suddenly looking at the house, she descried the ladder.

"Heavens above! what is the meaning of that? Look, Cornelis, what is hanging out of Liesje's window? Piepje, Mickje, run up-stairs and see what has happened!"

Mickje, with the most innocent face, hastened up-stairs, and returned saying, "Freule Liesje is not there, and a ladder is hanging to the window!"

Words cannot describe the dismay and anger of the worthy professor and his wife.

"It all comes of her mother being a Frenchwoman. I hate foreigners," said Geertje, indignantly. "Oh! husband, you should never have taken the child to the Hague, out of her own proper sphere; I knew no good could come of it."

"Most remarkable! strange! unheard of!" was all that the professor could ejaculate. "Who can the girl have gone off with? and why not go out of the door instead of out of the window? I wonder she did not break her leg," he said, pulling the light ladder, which swung with a touch. "But what's this? Why, it's a shoe."

Mevrouw, Piepje, and Mickje gathered round, staring hard at the shoe, as if it could divulge the nature of the mystery.

In the forenoon a letter was brought to the professor, sealed with an enormous coat of arms. It was from Count Otto de Hoven, explaining the transactions of the past night, and begging for forgiveness for himself and Lisette.

Even Mevrouw Donker Curtius began to laugh at the comical side of the question. Running away with an old woman instead of with a handsome young lover quite tickled her fancy. "There never was anything like it," she said; "it is so comical that nothing can be said in the way of scandal, and if the girl will marry this count we evidently can't prevent it."

The professor laughed, Piepje laughed, and Mickje grinned with enjoyment.

It was the joke of the day. The Russian minister was so tickled with the idea

that he forgot his grievances with Count Otto; the king laughed, the queen laughed. The idea was so original and entertaining that there was no possibility of taking other than the humorous side of the question.

Of course the professor agreed to the marriage, and in due time, Count Otto having joined his aunt, was in all due ceremony, and with every proper observance of every-day customs, married to Lisette, and so ended the romance.

Whether Lisette found that life could be dull elsewhere than at Leyden—who can tell?

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE REVIVAL OF THE WARLIKE POWER OF CHINA.

BY CAPTAIN CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE, R.N.

IN the latter months of the past year, when the imminent danger threatening the peace of Europe showed signs of passing away, public attention in this country—without being diverted from the direction in which it had so long been turned—was arrested by occurrences in a more remote quarter of the world. The conflict which had raged between the powers of eastern Europe, and into which there was but too much reason to fear we ourselves might be drawn, had ceased, if not permanently, at least for a time. As the political atmosphere cleared, we were enabled to look beyond the Balkan Peninsula, towards which we had for so many months directed our anxious gaze, and to watch the progress of events tending to constitute a newer and a wider Oriental question. China was once more heard of as a great power in Asia. The short-lived kingdom of Yakoob Beg had again passed under the dominion of its ancient masters; and Chinese generals had conducted campaigns, amidst the stupendous difficulties presented by the physical conditions of central Asia, with a skill and perseverance which not even the military history of the new German empire has caused us to look upon as common in warlike operations. Following, as did these occurrences, so soon upon the suppression of the great Mussulman revolt of the Panthays, it was to be expected that they would invest with increased interest the state of our relations with the ancient empires of the far Asiatic East. But the stage on which they were enacted was obscured by the stirring episodes of the still unfinished drama played

in the more immediate foreground of the great scene of Oriental politics. Other events then took place which continued to interfere with our opportunities of observing more distant affairs. Thus it happened that our attention was only temporarily arrested, and that in a short time we ceased to regard with much interest anything occurring in spots farther off than north-western India.

It would not be difficult to provide a long array of reasons why we should look with considerable anxiety on the contemporary history of the two Oriental peoples with whom we have an extensive commercial intercourse — the Chinese and the Japanese. But as the propriety of doing so is universally admitted, there is no need to adduce such reasons now. A more useful occupation will be to call attention to a remarkable effect which our intercourse with them has had upon the conduct of these nations. From observation of it we may be able to form a fairly correct estimate of their future demeanor towards Western countries, and the ultimate result upon the relations existing between them and the great commercial communities of Europe and America. It will not be necessary to specify the interest we have in the trade of the far East by giving a long list of values and figures; fortunately now all persons of ordinary education are perfectly aware that our business connection with China is one of considerable importance to us; and few require to be persuaded that any serious interruption of it would strike a dangerous blow at the prosperity of our ocean trade. It will be enough to say that of the whole foreign maritime commerce of China about five-sixths fall to the share of our fellow-countrymen.

In the minds of most men, the chief peculiarity of the Chinese and their government is felt to be intense conservatism. Stability of institutions and objection to change in the concerns of private life are commonly dwelt upon as their most marked characteristics. To copy and repeat that which has for long been in existence, simply because it has been long in existence, is, to thousands of cultivated Europeans, the significant feature of Chinese polity and of the genius of the people. That both the governors and the governed in the Middle Kingdom have an unreasoning, uninquiring preference for everything that is old, solely because of its antiquity, and refuse to have anything to do with whatever is new-fangled, only on account of its novelty, no matter how beneficial its adoption may prove, is held amongst us to

be one of those unquestioned truths which justify us in using them as foundations whereon to construct proverbial sayings. It has, in fact, obtained an universal currency in the West; and is now one of the most cherished articles of what may be called our international creed. It will certainly be an arduous task to attempt to shake the common belief in it; and the latter will probably only yield to the results of more intimate communication with the Chinese nation, which it must take many years to establish effectually.

Having said this it will, no doubt, appear extremely bold, if an endeavor be made to show that this supposed bigoted conservatism of the whole people of China has no real foundation in fact, but is merely the product of the very incorrect inferences of superficial or interested observers, — foreigners too busily occupied with their own concerns as traders, or missionaries unsuccessful in persuading the inhabitants of the country that the doctrines they preached, and which their lay countrymen were supposed to exhibit in practice in the seaports, were superior to those held by their forefathers. Chinese conservatism in reality consisted in this, a determination to accept nothing new until good cause had been shown for its adoption. No innovation would be permitted until it was established beyond doubt that it was an improvement on that which it displaced, and that the balance of advantage due to its adoption was sufficient also to compensate for the inevitable disturbance consequent on the change. The readiest and most radical reformers have never accused the Chinese of a want of perception; and nothing is more certain in their history, especially in that portion of it which is subsequent to the beginning of their intercourse with Western nations, than that, once they were satisfied that they would gain by introducing some reform or borrowing some foreign custom or institution, they made the change or adopted the institution as rapidly as their circumstances permitted. Movement was, undoubtedly, sometimes extremely slow; but this was due chiefly to the physical conditions of the empire. Where distances are so great and population so vast as in China, and where communications have been so frequently interrupted by neglect of their maintenance or by the consequences of insurrections, the circulation of ideas was, naturally, much impeded. It was also checked by the provincial organization of the empire, and the different dialects spoken in different districts. The author-

ities of a province with a population equal to that of a great European kingdom had enough to do to introduce reforms into their own government without troubling themselves about the affairs of their neighbors. Not only is such an inference justified by the probabilities of the case; its correctness is fully established by actual observation. Thus in those provinces where intercourse with foreigners is most general, may be seen the greatest prevalence of customs borrowed from them: whilst in those to which strangers rarely penetrate, the ancient order of things has been far less disturbed.

What is particularly worthy of notice in this respect is the extent to which the Chinese governments, imperial and provincial, have availed themselves of improvements in the art of war both by land and sea, which have originated in the West. One very striking result of their having done so is the reappearance of their country as a conquering empire in central Asia. Another, but little less striking, is the certainty with which insurrections, even of formidable dimensions, are now suppressed. Other results of even greater importance and specially concerning ourselves, may be looked for in the future; and probably the opening of regular diplomatic relations with European and American States foreshadows an approaching adoption of a line of conduct which will have considerable influence on the state of international politics in the far East.

When the intercourse of Western nations with China had attained anything like large proportions, somewhere about the latter part of the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth centuries, the warlike systems of Europe were scarcely so admirable as to call for close imitation. The feudal array of the mediæval period had not yet grown into the standing army of modern times; and the calling of the soldier, where he was not a *condottiere*, or a mercenary, had not been elevated into a distinct profession — a condition probably only realized as a result of the Thirty Years' War. In England, indeed, the geographical position of the country and the peculiar aptitudes of the people had caused the foundations of the present naval service to be laid under the last two Henrys; but, as a rule, a distinct and permanently embodied armed force, for service beyond palace walls, was a thing scarcely even thought of. It followed as a necessary consequence from this that there was an almost complete absence of

any systematic arrangement for equipping such forces as were from time to time ordered to take the field. The "tenures" of the age left much to the voluntary effort, if not of individual men-at-arms and footmen, at all events of the lord whose banner they were compelled to follow. Discipline was of course very imperfect in a body which had but little continuity of existence. Its sanctions must have almost entirely depended upon the caprice of certain personages not by any means sure of holding the same position in two consecutive wars. The difficulty of maintaining order was rendered almost insuperable by the want of any organized commissariat or system of supply; and the history of Mansfeld's and Wallenstein's forces show us that even after several years' experience of a contest conducted on something like the principles of modern warfare, at least as far as arms and tactics are concerned, a commander's ideas of discipline were satisfied if he kept up a certain internal regularity without thought of the behavior of his men towards the inhabitants of the country in which they were operating. Not even the skill and experience of earlier leaders could impart to their troops the coherence and completeness of organization which have for generations been regarded as essential to the efficiency of an army. It was the personal feelings of attachment and admiration that brought volunteers in flocks to the standards of the great captain, and but for his fidelity to one side even Spinola might be included in the list of eminent *condottieri*. His great antagonist, Prince Maurice, headed rather an insurgent nation than an organized military force. The new system of fortification was little known beyond the limits of Italy; Errard's improvements in it were confined to a few French fortresses, and Vauban was yet unborn. In naval affairs the Chinese had still less to learn. The junks of to-day, unaltered as they are from designs dating centuries back, will compare favorably with the coasting craft of many Western countries; and those in existence nearly three hundred years ago must have equalled in most respects, and surpassed in many, the barques and pinnaces and caravels which sailed under the successors of Magellan and Andrade. In one point, certainly, the Europeans had an advantage which was unknown to, or but little taken advantage of, by the Chinese. They had firearms, both portable and in the shape of cannon, fit for use in either land or sea warfare. The latter people had known how to fabricate gunpowder long before

the reputed discoveries of Roger Bacon or Berthold Schwarz, and had used it for blasting rocks, mining in siege operations, and combustible toys. This is admitted on all hands. That they used it for warlike purposes as an explosive propellant is usually denied, though some facts seem to prove that it was so used in at least some of the provinces.

In every other respect the land and sea forces of the Chinese emperors were probably not only superior to those of the West, but very much so. The naval and military organization — on paper at least — was very perfect. This was apparently the case even during the declining years of the Ming dynasty. When the Manchoo usurpers took the place of the latter, fresh vigor was infused into the warlike institutions of the empire; and it is probably not too much to say, that during the greater part of the seventeenth century no European nation could show anything comparable in numerical strength, organization, and system of supply with the defensive forces of the Son of Heaven. A French historian,* writing before the fall of the Mings, gives the following description of a Chinese army: —

Their arms arearquebuses, pikes, staves with iron, and hatchets (? battle-axes). The horsemen use other arms; when they go to fight they carry four swords at their saddle-pommel; they hold two in their hands when they charge, and make use of them with great dexterity. They likewise use darts and lances. They are accustomed to be environed with a troop of grooms, which are about them when they enter battle, the which are nimble and well armed. Their valor consists in policy and stratagems of war, where they employ their minds, more than their courage to charge the enemy openly.

Probably no higher compliment could be paid to the strategic abilities of the Chinese generals than is conveyed in the last-quoted sentence. When it is remembered that this notice was written about 1644, or before the Manchoo dynasty had firmly seated itself on the throne, and was derived from accounts of observers whose visits were contemporaneous with the misery and disorganization which immediately preceded the overthrow of the native line of sovereigns, it will be readily seen how much early European travellers were struck by the condition of the Chinese forces. Of the navy, says another authority: † —

The greatest ships they have are called *juncos*, which are very great, and are made for the wars, with castles very high in the poop and proue, like to the ships of the Levant. There are so many of these, that it is easy for any general of the sea to join together in a little time a navy of from five hundred to a thousand of them, of the same making and greatness.

That the numbers stated are not exaggerated will be known to every one who has visited the Middle Kingdom even of late years, or who is conversant with the history of our wars with China. The same may be said of the following statement: —

The king hath great ships, armed and warlike, which run by all these coasts and islands to seek out thieves and pirates; and within the rivers they have for this purpose many small armed ships, very good of sail. The principle of their policy is, to keep up in peace as well as war great armies.

The organization, discipline, and administration of these forces could not fail to have astonished the Western strangers who first observed them, accustomed as they have been to the fitful and unsystematic arrangements of their own governments. A very recent writer* has given us a sketch of some regulations of ancient standing for the maintenance and equipment of certain branches of the Chinese navy, which might, even now, be found worthy of attention by admiralties much farther west. The squadrons stationed in the waters of the great maritime province of Kwangtung (*Anglicè* Canton) are divided into three classes or rates, according to the original cost of construction of each vessel.

They are classed for nine years only, and are not allowed to go into dock for a general overhaul until they have been three years in commission. At the end of the first three years the provincial authorities are empowered by the Board at Peking to expend in repairs on each vessel of the different classes a sum proportionate to her first cost. When they have been in commission six years, they are again docked for general repairs, the amount authorized in the case of vessels in each class being strictly defined by an unvarying rule. After nine years they are regarded as no longer fit for service.

Rules of too great rigidity, undoubtedly, occasionally defeat the object with which they have been framed; but it is probable that the existence of some such regulations would prevent the repetition of the charges, now made against our own admin-

* Michael Baudier of Languedoc, Old English trans.
† Bernardino des Escalante, English trans. 1579.

* Archdeacon Gray, China. London: 1872.

istration in every session of Parliament, of expending upon many vessels sums larger than new ships of the same class would cost.

The Manchoo conquerors were unable, even if they had desired it, to overthrow completely the existing order of things in the empire when they succeeded to power. In so vast and thickly populated a country to have swept away old institutions wholesale, in order to replace them by others, would have been impossible. The ancient polity was therefore practically unassailed. New blood was, indeed, introduced into the government, and many branches of it were reformed; but important departments, as that of war, for example, have an organization in reality of much older date than the Tartar conquest. At the capital was a regular war ministry divided into the several branches (which have not had a very long existence in some European states) concerned with the maintenance of discipline, and the administration of finance and military justice. The vexed question of civilian control, so warmly discussed not very long ago amongst ourselves, was practically settled. A traveller, writing more than two centuries ago, tells us that the five branches of the war department are subordinate to the Supreme Board of War, or *Yong-Ching-fu*, the president of which is one of the most powerful and highly placed officers in the empire.

His authority extends over the five departments of the war office, and over all the officers and soldiers near the court. But to moderate this extraordinary power, which renders him master of so great a number of troops, he is given as assistant a literary mandarin [*i.e.* a civilian official], with the title of superintendent of the army, and two inspectors, nominated by the emperor, who take part in the administration.

In other words, the military commander-in-chief, in administrative matters, was supervised by a civil minister; and the finances of the army were under the inspection of two officials, who also were civilians.

It is well known that the subject of a standing army was one of those most anxiously considered by the generation of Englishmen which witnessed the restored monarchy of the Stuarts; and that the establishment of a militia, or force not likely to be especially devoted to the person of the sovereign and hostile to the liberties of the nation, was a matter of animated debate throughout the seventeenth century, and of protracted discus-

sion during the eighteenth. In China, whilst our ancestors were discussing, the emperor and his mandarins had devised a scheme which provided for the existence of two distinct bodies — a regular standing army and a local militia — in the general force maintained for the defence of the empire. The former, composed of Manchoo countrymen of the reigning family, was bound by every tie to the dynasty, and, no doubt, long constituted its firmest support. The latter was composed exclusively of native Chinese, was organized locally, and was far more likely to be of use in defending the provinces against foreign invasion than in oppressing the inhabitants. The discipline of both branches of the military establishment was as superior to that of contemporaneous armaments in Europe as was their organization. A Spanish traveller in the seventeenth century recounts that he met a Chinese army on the march; and, that so admirable was the behavior of the men, he would rather pass two such armies than one of his own countrymen. Their drill was not behind that practised in the West, and there is a general agreement of authorities that — however excellent in itself, or the reverse — the men were well instructed in it. Promotion in all ranks depended chiefly upon the possession of a satisfactory knowledge of the various branches of a soldier's education. The good behavior of the men on the line of march — when the restraints of discipline are most likely to be relaxed — shows that their wants were well cared for by their officers; and a further proof that they were regularly and amply paid and provided for, is to be found in the ease with which their ranks were recruited.

This ought to be sufficient to assure us that if the Chinese of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries did not see fit to adopt any of the warlike institutions and methods of the Western peoples, whose acquaintance they had just made, it was not from any failure on their part to perceive the superiority of the foreign systems. Such superiority did not exist; if it had existed there is strong reason for believing that the Chinese would have copied the particulars in which it lay. This will be seen from their behavior with regard to one important element of warlike strength. Inferior in every other particular that careful organization could secure, the forces of European states had this one superiority, they were provided with firearms — matchlocks and cannon — which, though rude and imperfect judged by the

standard of to-day, were incomparably more efficient than any other missile weapons in existence. Nearly a quarter of a century before the Ming emperors ceased to reign, the power of European artillery was exhibited to the sovereign and his ministers in some trifling experiments at the capital. The propriety of adopting the new arm was at once perceived; and the fall of the native dynasty, though it could not be prevented, was at least delayed by the use of weapons which added considerably to the efficiency of its armies. The Manchoo usurpers of the earlier generations, with warlike instincts still unimpaired, eagerly availed themselves of the advantages which the new armament had now been conclusively shown to confer on its possessors; and the skill of some European missionaries enabled them to accumulate a supply of cannon of highly respectable construction, and great extent. As we found in our first war (1840-2), Chinese fortresses and junk squadrons were provided with a surprisingly numerous artillery. The national conservatism was certainly not proof against the admission of a very important innovation into the equipment of both the land and sea forces.

But from the early part of the seventeenth century onward, progress in Europe was rapid, in the Middle Kingdom slow. In the latter peace with foreign powers prevailed, and the only foes which the new dynasty had to contend with were half-barbarian tribes armed with primitive weapons, or insignificant bodies of insurgents but scantily supplied with munitions of war. In the West, on the other hand, artillery was being made more mobile; the matchlock and "snap-haunce" were giving way to the flint-lock, and naval architects were building vessels not very dissimilar in design from the line-of-battle ship, and the frigate, which have survived almost to our own days.

With these improvements the Chinese authorities were not brought face to face till two centuries had elapsed; when they were, they lost little time in using them as guides in the reformation of their defensive system. In this they were checked and hindered by circumstances arising from the internal condition of the country; and were unable, until recent years, to take full advantage of the examples offered them. It was ignorance of foreign progress, not obstinate opposition to its introduction, which enabled Anson's chaplain to say with truth that the commodore's ship was equal to the whole navy of China.

When we first came to blows with them, nearly forty years ago, their army and navy were equipped in a manner which showed that but little advance had been made since the middle of the seventeenth century. But their troops and ships, such as they were, had been quite equal to any demands made upon them until they had to contend with a European adversary. When this occurred they perceived that further reform was necessary, and they introduced it as soon as circumstances permitted.

The ludicrous, and probably authentic story, of the make-believe steamer — with a funnel and smoke, but no engines — constructed by the Chinese on one of the rivers of which we were trying to force the passage, has a meaning which is seldom attributed to it. It shows at all events that they admitted the advantages of the new war-vessels. As we were but ill-provided with such craft in the first Anglo-Chinese war, it is highly probable that a *ruse* was intended, and that it was expected — not altogether without reason — that our lighter sailing vessels would be deterred from attempting to pass up a river in the upper waters of which so formidable an antagonist was awaiting them. The spirit of imitation was proved to exist, and when peace ensued advantage was taken of the opportunity to, at the least try, to introduce further reforms. A British officer, in a postscript to his account of the earlier war, says, quoting an authority on the spot —

The Chinese are building ships on European models for defensive objects; they are constructing their forts on better principles; and they have foreigners in their pay, from whose instruction they hope to benefit in the practice of the gunnery.

He adds, that they had already launched one fine frigate built by an American. This was published five-and-thirty years ago. A central government becoming more and more corrupt and weak, was too much taken up with endeavors to suppress the serious rebellions, which its corruption and weakness had done so much to cause, to be able to pursue steadfastly the path of naval and military reform. Consequently it was not till the nation had received the rude lessons of our second war with them, that they felt obliged to neglect other considerations, and set determinedly about reorganizing the national defences. The results of their attention to gunnery and fortification were revealed to us in the issue of our unsuccessful attack upon the

Peiho forts. Mr. Loch, who was present with the expedition, into whose hands they subsequently fell, was greatly struck by the excellence of these fortifications. "It was wonderful," he says, "to think that the whole of these works had been constructed in the last few months."

The effect of the victories of the Anglo-French expedition, which finally seized the capital and destroyed the ancestral residence of the Son of Heaven, was soon perceptible in the renewed vigor with which the Chinese authorities occupied themselves in introducing improvements into their naval and military system. Armies disciplined on the European plan were formed to suppress the great Tai-ping revolt, which was finally broken by the operations of the "ever victorious" force led by our countryman, Gordon of the Royal Engineers. A naval contingent was provided under English officers and manned by English seamen. The latter force did not exist long; but its early dissolution was not due to any contempt of Western appliances for naval warfare. In some interesting reminiscences of a residence at Peking, in the early days of our diplomatic intercourse with the imperial government, the late Dr. Rennie gives several instances of the zeal and industry which Chinese officers of respectable rank and mature age exhibited in their endeavors to profit by the lessons of Western instructors in the military art. The seed sown by these bore fruit with great rapidity. There is probably not a province to which Europeans have access in large numbers in which there is not now at least the nucleus of a considerable force trained on the Western system. The independence of the various provincial governments has, it is true, led to a want of uniformity in the methods adopted; and in adjoining districts may be found bodies of troops trained by English and by German officers, and obeying words of command in the English or the German tongue. But this is a sure sign that the local mandarins are not prejudiced against foreign practices likely to improve their garrisons simply because such practices are foreign.

Old plans have in many cases been adhered to. There are still squadrons of junks, and still troops armed with shields, and spears, and bows and arrows. Not long ago, the present writer saw in the course of a few hours' trip from the Taku forts to the city of Tientsin, guards of soldiers armed with Remington breech-loaders, matchlock men, archers, river junks carrying smooth-bores, and trim steam

gunboats mounting Krupp breech-loading cannon. But the old is fast being replaced by the new. In China the vastness of the scale of everything precludes the possibility of rapid and sweeping reform. Nothing, in all that world of wonders, probably strikes a visitor to the capital more than the immense mounds in which the salt—the sale of which is a government monopoly—is stored. Merely covered with mats, much that can be very ill spared is annually wasted in the wet season, and every vice that can be laid to the charge of a monopolist institution is aggravated in this one. The authorities are not blind to it. A year or two ago an eminent member of the imperial government said on this subject to an English official, whose recent loss the diplomatic service and linguistic science have had to deplore: "We are most anxious to abolish it, but a hundred thousand *employés* and their families are directly dependent on the existence of this monopoly: how can we provide for them, under the actual circumstances of the country, if we disestablish them?" So, too, the old naval and military organizations are not things to be swept away in a moment; they at least continue to serve a good purpose in the maintenance of internal order.

But millions have already been spent in the construction of war-steamers of the modern type, and in the establishment of dockyards and arsenals, in which munitions of war of all kinds may be produced. Some seventeen or eighteen years ago, when the Tai-ping rebellion had been finally suppressed, a gentleman who had served in the British army offered his services to the eminent Li-Hung-Chang, at that time governor of the province in which Shanghai—an important treaty port—is situated. This gentleman was well acquainted with the chemical processes necessary in the manufacture of explosives, and what we know as "laboratory compositions." His offer was accepted, and a small rocket and mortar manufactory were established. These were subsequently transferred to Nan king, which on the expulsion of the rebels, had been re-occupied by the imperialist forces. The establishment fixed there became the first of the several important arsenals and gun-factories now scattered throughout the maritime provinces of the empire. In 1867 a naval yard was established in the neighborhood of Shanghai, and—though there are a few Englishmen and Americans holding important posts in it—the control is exclusively in the hands of native officials. The writ-

er visited it little more than two years ago. Two steam frigates of nearly three thousand tons' measurement, and five gun-vessels had been built and launched at it. A small ironclad, for river service, was being completed at one of the quays. Of the frigates, one was in commission, and the writer—who has seen her actually at sea—was allowed to go over her when lying at the anchorage below the Woo-Sung bar near Shanghai. She is a handsome craft, completely armed with Krupp guns; her crew, from the captain down, without exception, composed of native Chinamen. She did the Chinese credit in all respects. Attached to the dockyard is a large military arsenal, in which are stored guns and small arms of all descriptions, and in which projectiles for heavy and field guns, and breech-loading rifles of the Remington pattern, were being continuously produced. Heavy machinery for the manufacture of armor plates was being erected in a portion of the works. Every visitor to Tientsin is nearly sure to be taken to visit the "Elgin Joss-house," the temple in which the treaty of peace was signed by Lord Elgin and the other plenipotentiaries. He will find that the temple still remains, but that it is almost swallowed up in the new factory, or, as it would be called at Woolwich, laboratory, in which projectiles are cast, cartridges fabricated, fuzes driven, and even tubes and torpedoes to be fired by electricity, made. On the opposite bank of the Peiho he may discern the roof of the great powder-factory, not long constructed, for the manufacture of gun-powder of the European kind.

But perhaps the most marked instance of progress in the respect under discussion is to be observed at, or rather near, the treaty-port of Foo-Chow. Under the authority of the distinguished Tso-Tsung-Tang, M. Giquel, an officer of the French navy, began, eleven or twelve years ago, to form a dockyard at a point on the Min River, below the city just mentioned, which could be easily fortified. The extraordinary success which has attended his labors will not be understood without some knowledge of the difficulties with which he had to contend. The very ground on which the naval yard is formed had to be made. The soil was alluvial, formed by a thick layer of solidified mud, covered with a coating of nearly liquid clay. In consequence of the freshets in the river the level of the ground had to be raised five feet. In spite of these and many other disadvantages, M. Giquel, at the end of seven years, was able to report

that he had iron-works, rolling-mills, engine-factories, and building-slips—in fact all the plant of a high-class naval yard—in full working order, and that he had actually built, launched, manufactured the engines of, and in some cases the armament for, no less than fifteen vessels, of which eleven were of over one thousand tons' displacement. Not only this, but a school for naval officers had been formed, and a training-ship, fitted to make cruises at sea, had been attached to the establishment. Even this account of several great arsenals would not exhaust all that might be said in description of what has recently been done in China to increase the efficiency of the army and navy which she has begun to consider necessary to her well-being. But enough has been said to show how earnest her desire to do so has been.

Of the performances of the forces which her rulers have lately been so occupied in raising, sufficient is known to show that the efforts made by them have been fully justified by the result. The numerous admirably equipped steam gunboats, frequently commanded and always manned by natives, have done much towards rooting out the piracy which has so long been the scourge of the coasting trade. From an interesting report by Captain Alexander Man, commissioner of maritime customs at the northern port of New-Chwang, we learn that—

Piracy, strangled in the south, has endeavored to establish a new *locale* and lease of life on the coast of Manchuria. On May 27, 1873, a cruiser, built at the Foo-Chow Arsenal, and generally stationed in this neighborhood, caught sight of and chased into shoal water a pirate, who had the day before captured and pillaged an in-bound trader. The steamer, being obliged to anchor, sent away her pinnace and cutters in further pursuit. The miscreants, finding themselves hard pushed, ran their vessel aground, and opened fire from the guns she mounted. The assailants, notwithstanding, dashed gallantly in and carried her with small loss, the surviving pirates jumping overboard in their endeavor to escape. Having secured their prize, the boats proceeded in pursuit of the fugitives. Landing through the surf, the men overtook and cut down several, succeeding eventually in capturing nearly all the rest.

In fact, there was a repetition of one of those brilliant little affairs which have brought so much honor to the British navy. In the following year, Captain Man tells us, a more important expedition was undertaken against a strong band of outlaws. The force sent against them was

composed, with other troops, of eleven hundred disciplined infantry, with six guns and a small naval brigade, formed of the "foreign-trained seamen of the squadron," and was completely successful. The possession of a respectable fleet of war-steamers enabled the Chinese government to act with becoming dignity in the difficult affair of Formosa, when the headlong reformers of Japan were doing all they could to irritate the Peking mandarins into war. Backed, as it is believed, by the admirable advice of our distinguished representative, Sir Thomas Wade, they refused to go to war about what was in reality a trifling affair, and by so refusing deprived the pugnacious cabinet of the mikado of a chance, at which it had clutched, of diverting attention from the effects of its heroic home policy to foreign affairs. A Chinese garrison was speedily conveyed to the point in dispute, and the Japanese warriors returned home. Within the last few weeks intelligence has arrived from southern China, to the effect that an insurrection had been altogether suppressed in a short time, thanks chiefly to the facilities afforded by the new gunboats for the rapid movement of troops.

Compared with what has taken place in eastern Turkestan, the above are but insignificant proofs of the extent to which China has availed herself of the military lessons of the West. Tso-Tsung-Tang has been already mentioned as the founder of the great arsenal of Foo-Chow. He it is who conducted the series of campaigns which ended in the restoration of the imperial authority over the short-lived kingdom of the Athalik Ghazi. Amidst the excitement of last year, the leading English newspapers could find occasion to call attention to what one of them — the *Spectator* — termed "beyond doubt the most remarkable military enterprise which has been attempted by any Asiatic nation within the present century." The army which accomplished this memorable feat, Mr. Boulger, in his valuable history of Yakoub Beg, says, "closely resembled that of a European power." The story of the war has been shortly told as follows: —

In the year 1875 the Chinese government resolved to chastise the rebel powers which had broken away from its control in the country lying beyond the province of Kansuh. At Lanchetu, the capital of that province, troops were accordingly collected in large numbers, and the necessary stores and supplies of cannon and ammunition were forwarded, with as little delay as possible, to that place.

Before the end of 1876 the Tungan rul-

ers of Urumtsi and Manas had been overcome, and the region again brought under the sway of China. "In the short space of twenty-one days the Chinese had marched close on four hundred miles, captured three cities, and won one pitched encounter." Kashgar was the next to fall; and when the many difficulties which beset the enterprise are considered, we may concede that it was no exaggeration to declare that "the task which a Chinese general and a Chinese army have accomplished is one that deserves to rank with many of the most celebrated of European campaigns."*

The history of these events teaches us that it is scarcely correct to attribute to the inhabitants of the Middle Kingdom an obstinate objection to reform merely on account of its foreign origin. It is perfectly true that they have been in no hurry to put in practice the lessons which foreigners have taught them: but for that very reason their progress is more sure. Reconstruction in China must necessarily proceed more slowly than in smaller countries, and there is, perhaps, something of a statesmanlike instinct in the persistence with which the evils as well as the advantages of any innovation are carefully weighed before its introduction is decided on. The country has entered on the path of military reorganization, and is evidently endeavoring to assume the position of a great warlike power. From what has been said above we may estimate the advance it has made. It is usually taken for granted that the military spirit has no share in the formation of the Chinese character. The people in general unquestionably object to war for war's sake; but their whole history proves that they do not shrink from fighting when the necessity of doing so is proved to them. Foreign observers have derived their ideas of the natural characteristics from the literary class, in China, as elsewhere, impressed with the belief that they are the true representatives of the national feelings. That something of the old warlike spirit still clings to the Tartar rulers is not disputed: but it is seldom remembered that pure Chinese men, such as Tso-Tsung-Tang and Li-Hung-Chang † distinguished as military leaders — are among the most eminent and influential personages in the empire. What may be more safely asserted, perhaps, is that Chinese policy will

* *Spectator*, April 13, 1878; see also *Pall Mall Gazette* for June, 1878; and *Times*, November 15, 1878.

† Li-Hung-Chang boasted to an acquaintance of the writer's that he was "a soldier, not a civilian."

rarely be distinguished by restlessness and a spirit of aggression. The first object of the government and the people seems, without much doubt, to be to secure respect for their country and freedom from improper interference with its concerns.

From The Spectator.

GEORGE ELIOT'S IDEAL ETHICS.

WE have always recognized that amongst those moralists of our day who adhere to what is called the positive—which means the negative—school, the school which finds the standard of ethics in no real character or mind above us, but solely in the study of human minds and human history, George Eliot holds quite the highest place. The truth and depth of her knowledge of character, the genuineness of her love for what is pure and what is noble, the breadth of her charity and the earnestness of her indignation against all that is either cruel or mean or softly selfish and insincere, would put to shame too many Christian moralists. Recognizing this as clearly as we do, it is impossible not to scan all her books with almost anxious solicitude, to see how far the rootlessness, as we should call it, of her ethics,—that is, the want of foundation for them in anything but human criticism on the needs of human society,—does or does not modify her ethical convictions, as time goes on. Does the beauty of her ethical standard show, year after year, all its former brilliancy, or is there any definite change, due to her theoretical convictions, and which tends to modify explicitly in some particular direction the character of her ethical mind? Does the blossom of her ethical writings show any trace of being a cut flower, with its stalk only in water, instead of with a root well nourished by the earth?

We have read the ethical portions of the new volume of George Eliot's essays with the deep interest and respect which all that she tells us of a subject so near to her heart, cannot but command. And it would be a great mistake to imagine that this subject is further from her heart now than it has ever been. There are plenty of traces of the same enthusiasm for a high ethical ideal in principle, which her more imaginative works have always displayed in practice. She is as profoundly convinced as ever "that our civilization, considered as a splendid material fabric, is helplessly in peril, without the spiritual police of sen-

timents or ideal feelings.*" And she adds, "It is this invisible police, which we had need, as a community, strive to maintain, in efficient force." And certainly, what she can do towards maintaining this "invisible police" of humane sentiments and ideal feelings in efficient force, she does with all her might. But though we see no diminution at all in the earnestness with which she labors at this work, we think we do see indications of a change in the drift of her teaching from the individual to the social, or as it is the dreadful custom now to call it, the sociological, point of view. We are always told now by the humanists that morality is the product of society,—the law which the necessity for a social life, and for a healthy social life, impresses on the individual life of man. What they teach is that sound morality is the answer to the question,—how so to govern yourself as to contribute in the highest degree to the welfare of the whole. And it is from this point of view that George Eliot herself regards the moral problem, even in the most striking moral denunciation of her book. She asks, or makes the imaginary Theophrastus Such ask, "how if a dangerous 'Swing' were sometimes disguised in a versatile entertainer, devoted to the amusement of mixed audiences? And I confess that sometimes, when I see a certain style of young lady, who checks our tender admiration with rouge and henna, and all the blazonry of an extravagant expenditure, with slang and bold *brusquerie* intended to signify her emancipated view of things, and with cynical mockery, which she mistakes for penetration, I am sorely tempted to hiss out '*Pétroleuse!*' It is a small matter to have our palaces set aflame, compared with the misery of having our sense of a noble womanhood, which is the inspiration of a purifying shame, the promise of life-penetrating affection, stained and blotted out by images of repulsiveness." Powerfully as this is expressed, the essence of her invective, the confessed motive of it, is the danger of injuring *society*, by thus undermining the domestic ideal of female character which has hitherto prevailed. It is as a *pétroleuse*,—as an incendiary of moral institutions,—that George Eliot assails the bold, cynical woman. The sociological point of view requires this; you can only condemn that in individual character which tends to loosen the social fabric. And from that point of view you must condemn it in *pro-*

* Theophrastus Such, p. 185.

portion as it tends to loosen that fabric, — if dangerously, then much; if superficially, then little. And it is primarily because she thinks that hardly anything endangers the well-being of society, as a whole, more than a diminution in the respect for female modesty and the purity amongst women of the domestic affections, that the writer of this essay is disposed to hiss out "*Pétroleuse!*" at the bold and brazen cynics of modern drawing-rooms. Well, but one naturally asks, if one can show that society is the worse for this sort of woman, quite apart from any moral assumption that she is bad individually, and if this is the reason why this sort of woman is to be discouraged, namely, that society suffers from her influence, it is clear that it must be not for what she is, but for what she does or fails to do, — because she constitutes, say, a bad nurse, a bad wife, a bad mother, a bad sister, a rotten link in the social chain, instead of a true and strong link. The sociological morality demands her condemnation, only because her influence on society is a dissolving influence, a disuniting influence. It is not that she is disuniting because she is bad, but that she is bad because she is disuniting.

The same line is taken in the essay on "Moral Swindlers." That essay contains, first, a sharp and very just attack on those who speak of a swindler as a "thoroughly moral man," only because he is faithful to his wife and fond of his children, and then goes on to insist that one who is faithful to his duties to society at large, even though unfaithful to his duties to those who are nearest to him, is less immoral than the man who ignores the welfare of the world at large, though he cherishes that of the inmates of his own home. "Theophrastus Such" declares: "I find even respectable historians of our own and of foreign countries, after showing that a king was treacherous, rapacious, and ready to sanction gross breaches in the administration of justice, end by praising him for his pure moral character, by which one must suppose them to mean that he was not lewd nor debauched, not the European twin of the typical Indian potentate whom Macaulay describes as passing his life in chewing bang and fondling dancing-girls. And since we are sometimes told of such maleficent kings that they were religious, we arrive at the curious result that the most serious, wide-reaching duties of man lie quite outside both morality and religion, — the one of these consisting in not keeping mistresses (and perhaps not drinking too much), and

the other in certain ritual and spiritual transactions with God which can be carried on equally well side by side with the basest conduct towards men." And again the essayist says: "Let us refuse to accept as moral any political leader who should allow his conduct in relation to great issues to be determined by egoistic passion, and boldly say that he would be less immoral even though he were as lax in his personal habits as Sir Robert Walpole, if at the same time his sense of the public welfare were supreme in his mind, quelling all pettier impulses beneath a magnanimous impartiality." And the reason for this last preference is given in the following remark: "Not for one moment would one willingly lose sight of the truth that the relation of the sexes and the primary ties of kinship are the deepest roots of human well-being, but to make them by themselves the equivalent of morality, is verbally to cut off the channels of feeling through which they are the feeders of that well-being. They are the original fountains of a sensibility to the claims of others, which is the bond of societies; but being necessarily, in the first instance, a private good, there is always the danger that individual selfishness will see in them only the best part of its own gain." From all which we gather that the sociological school, while severely and justly condemning that pseudo-domestic morality which treats the sphere of the private affections as almost everything, and forgets the duties owed by man to man, is disposed to pardon far more readily immoralities which affect only the rights, virtue, and happiness of a few, than those which affect the rights, virtue, and happiness of the multitude. Proceeding as it does from a social standard, it very naturally estimates the quality of individual morality and immorality by the extent of surface of the society affected for the better or the worse rather than by the *character* of the influence exerted, whether it be purifying or contagious. Nor do we see any help for this from the sociological point of view. If you care to try morality not by what it is, but by the cohesion it lends, or fails to lend, to the social system, — you must, to a great extent, be guided by the *quantity* of the effect, by the number of links whose hold on each other is strengthened or relaxed, — by the spectacle, as it is presented to your imagination, of what the society subsequently affected by a certain person's influence was like before his energy began to be felt in it, and what it was like afterwards. Thus, a man whose public life is

honorable will be regarded as having wielded so good an influence over millions, that you can, to some extent, ignore his influence on the units nearest to him; while one whose public life is selfish must be condemned, despite even great private virtues, because the lesser good is merged in the greater evil.

We confess that we have no belief at all in this notion that the essence of morality consists in the satisfaction of social needs, and that you must, therefore, regard offences which are offences against the many, and which, if multiplied, would render society plainly impossible, as very much graver than those which only affect a few, and which are consistent with a faithful discharge of obligations to the many. Tried as a test of guilt, this would make the man who is no politician — whose mind does not take in, as many minds do not take in, the political horizon at all — a much worse man than he whose mind in politics is active, energetic, sagacious, and disinterested, but who, in private life, shrinks into himself, and lives to his own interests, and to them alone. There are many persons of both classes, and we should have no doubt at all that the former class would be usually held by impartial judgment morally preferable to the latter, if the definition of "morally preferable" were but left open, and not pre-engaged to mean preferable for the purposes of society at large. To our minds, the moral law, though, of course, it does not ignore society, though, of course, it does not treat man as a solitary being, is not, and cannot be, truly conceived merely as a condition of successful social combination. It is a condition, and a most important one, of successful social combination; but it is a condition of successful social combination amongst creatures who have an individual ideal to reach, as well as a social ideal, — an ideal in God for each, as well as in God for all, — and who, if they gave up everything for society, would not create a society worth preserving. The life of gregarious insects is much nearer, we suppose, than the human, to the type of life of which the sole condition is co-operation; and accordingly, in the life of sociable insects you see the instinct for the common object absolutely predominant over all instincts which have in view anything like individual development. The tendency of the new school of moralists is to subordi-

nate individual life to social life, and George Eliot, in "Theophrastus Such," confesses in one place that you cannot afford to be quite just, if you wish to be the instrument of progress to society. If you are to measure too carefully your indignation against cruelty, if you want to be quite sure what you mean by guilt, before you call a person guilty, you will never, says the essayist, deal the strokes which mould anew the organization of the society to which you belong.* That is true, and yet it is not true that any one conscious that he was going to be unjust, could, in the name of progress, be thus unjust, and yet fail to injure his own character and the temper of the society to which he belonged. The tendency of the new school of morality, however, is to measure the effect on the individual by the effect on society at large, — and that is a mode of measurement which can end in nothing but moral laxity and decomposition. If, for instance, from a deep sense that society requires to be made more merciful, you are to blaze out against the unmerciful with a mind purposely blind to the circumstances which attenuate greatly the guilt of the cruel persons against whom you inveigh, it seems to us quite certain that you will not do the good you intend to society, and will do a great deal of harm to yourself. Society is a web of individual life. An ideal society is an ideal web of individual life. It is simply impossible to deduce the true law of the web, — of the warp and the woof which constitute it, — without asking what kind of life it is which you wish to develop in the individual, — for on that depends what sort of bond it is which you wish to create in the society. You may have, and often have had, even in human societies, social bonds much too strong, — such as you have among bees and ants, — social bonds which sacrifice the individual to the society. And the defect of the positivist morality is that it encourages this ideal of society, that it tries to deduce morality from the principle of human co-operation, instead of trying to deduce the measure of human co-operation which is possible and profitable to man, from the character of the beings who have to co-operate, and from that individual type of spiritual life which springs from the relation of the soul to God.

* Theophrastus Such, p. 228.

From The Spectator.
CONSERVATIVE DEMOCRACY IN SWITZERLAND.

THERE is no European country as much visited, as well known physically, morally as little known, as Switzerland, — and yet none that more deserves to be known. Its small stage is really a microcosm, in some corner or other of which, if not on the stage at large, almost every experiment in political science has been, or is in process of being, worked out. But the difficulties of investigation are very great. With the exception of the French-speaking population of the south-west corner of their country, the Swiss are the most unliterary as well as the best-educated population in Europe. They very seldom take the trouble to write anything about themselves, and when they do, they generally have to get what they say printed elsewhere. Even a popular author, when they have one, such as Gottfried Keller, has his "*Zürcher Novellen*" published at Stuttgart. If any work issues from a Swiss press, it is most likely some publication of a Radical or Revolutionary foreigner, which cannot get printed elsewhere.

All the more grateful should we be, therefore, when some observer of foreign birth takes the pains to sketch for the world at large a picture of what is going on in this interesting little political laboratory, where problems, elsewhere generally of mere theory, such as the direct participation of the people in legislation, abolition of capital punishment, the free exercise of the legal profession, are being submitted to the test of practice. Professor Gustav Cohn's pamphlet on the legislation of Switzerland under the new Constitution* (published, of course, at Jena) confines itself, indeed, to one portion of the subject, — the carrying-out by legislation of the various principles laid down by the Swiss Constitution of 1848, as revised in 1874, as to the competency of the central authority in economic matters. But his sketch will be found full of information by the statesman, and in part, by all who take an interest in the higher politics. One of the most striking facts which he brings out is that the so-called "Referendum," or the right to refer all laws for approval to the people at large — in the shape, at least, in which it has been admitted by the new Constitution, viz., on the proposal of thirty thousand voters, or of eight Cantons — has acted hitherto in a purely conservative sense, or

as Dr. Cohn expresses it, "as a House of Lords," working as a clog upon all novelty in legislation. The recent popular vote on the subject of the restoration of capital punishment, though the actual effect of it may have been misapprehended, gives additional force to Dr. Cohn's observation.

The branches of legislation with which Dr. Cohn's pamphlet occupies itself are those relating to railways, forest conservation, and field sports, the hours of labor in factories, the tax for exemption from military service, finance generally, and the currency. Under the first head may be noticed the political history of that constantly talked about but very little understood matter, the St. Gothard Railway, a story which is almost dramatic in some of its incidents. In speaking of the new law as to the inspection of forests, Dr. Cohn brings out a curious fact illustrative of the steady conservatism which lies at the root of the Swiss character. The Swiss forest inspectors, are, it seems, elected only for three years, though their office is one especially requiring stability and sequency in its operations, and the fact has been pointed to by German economists as a striking instance of the "rash democratic mutation of officials in Switzerland," and of its "unfavorable working on forest conservation." But Dr. Cohn declares that although most functions both of the Cantons and the Bund are conferred only for short periods of time, — three, six, or (exceptionally) ten years, — re-election of the same officer is the well-established custom, and takes place as a matter of course. Even State functions of a specifically political character, dependent upon popular election, are always preferably conferred on the previous holders, so long as they themselves exhibit no wish to withdraw from them, and it amounts almost to a revolution when the highest political functionaries are not re-elected. What is true of political functions is "three or four times" as much so of public offices not of a political nature, so that it "perhaps happens as seldom as in Germany" that a public officer is changed for political reasons. But above all, is this true of the central authority. The Council of the Bund, although elected only for three years by the Assembly, has now for thirty years been more stable in character than any ministry in a monarchical State. Once chosen, every member has kept his place till resignation or death. Hence, for all the subordinate offices of the Bund of a technical or scientific character, the democratic form of frequent re-election is almost

* *Die Bundesgesetzgebung der Schweiz unter der neuen Verfassung.* Von Gustav Cohn, Professor in Zürich. Jena: Gustav Fischer. 1879.

without practical meaning; and the same with those created by central legislation, like that on forest conservation.

The details which Dr. Cohn gives as to Swiss forest legislation are very interesting, and show that the subject has been worked out in a thoroughly scientific way. The Swiss forest system extends over the whole high mountain region (*Hochgebirge*), comprising seven entire cantons, and the "high mountains" of eight others. Within the forest jurisdiction are included all "protective woods," viz., all such as by their position on heights or stiff slopes, the banks of rivers or watercourses, etc., or by reason of the small amount of wooded surface in a particular region, may serve as a protection against climatic accidents, damage by winds, avalanches, the fall of rocks, landslips, floods, etc., together with the woods belonging to the State, to the communes, or to corporations. The Swiss laws on hunting, shooting, and fishing are also noteworthy. Not only, as with us, are a number of particular birds placed under protection, but all bird-catching by means of nets, call-birds, or other apparatus, is forbidden; and the educational authorities are enjoined to teach children in the public schools which are the protected birds, and that they ought to spare them. So, as respects fishing, there must be no standing nets to cover more than half the waterway; a minimum mesh is fixed, and the use of all means of stupefying fish, as well as of explosives or firearms for catching them, is forbidden, and also the throwing into fishing waters of any matters of a nature to injure or drive away the fish. Salmon and trout under certain dimensions cannot be sold.

The account of Swiss factory legislation should be commended to those who wish to see our own country retrace her steps towards longer hours of labor. Switzerland — that wonderful little country, which, without being able to obtain a pound of cotton except by transit through regions of hostile tariffs, has raised up a cotton-manufacturing industry holding its place among the foremost on the continent of Europe — instead of allowing greater latitude than England in the employment of labor, allows much less. Whilst England permits the employment of children in factories or workshops from the age of ten, under the condition that until thirteen they shall only work half-time, in the interest of their education, or if employed on alternate days, shall not be so on work-days for more than ten and a half hours, exclusively of meal-times, and simply restricts to the

same period of ten and a half hours the labor of young persons (from thirteen years of age) and of women; Switzerland forbids all employment in factories of children under fourteen, fixes eleven hours for young persons between fourteen and seventeen as the sum-total of the hours of daily labor, education, and religious instruction (neither of which latter is to be neglected for the former), and forbids Sunday and night work before the completion of the eighteenth year. But more than this. Whilst it has been almost axiomatic in English factory legislation that the labor of adult males was not to be restricted by law, Switzerland has not been afraid, after years of examination and discussion, and the experience since 1872 of one of her own manufacturing cantons, Glarus, to fix eleven hours as the legal maximum of factory labor for adults of both sexes; so that the most enlightened of all our Continental competitors, as well as the one which has to carry on her manufacturing industry under the most unfavorable material conditions, actually imposes more restraint upon factory labor, instead of less, than ourselves.

The details which Dr. Cohn gives of the tax imposed on Swiss citizens and resident foreigners who do not render military service, belong to an order of facts so entirely remote from our own experience, that the interest attaching to them is for us one of curiosity only. Suffice it to say that this tax, which partakes of the character of a property and income tax, may rise from six francs a year, or say less than 5s., to 3,000fr., or £120, — certainly something very different from the remote liability of an Englishman to be "balloted" for the militia! The writer's sketch of the Swiss financial system, which dates only from the Constitution of 1848 (till then the confederation had no permanent income), is a valuable one. He shows the Swiss customs system to be exactly the reverse of the English one. Instead of raising import duties only on a limited number of articles in large demand, Switzerland raises duties on all imports whatsoever, and these the Federal Council has recommended to be fixed on certain definite principles. Raw materials would be charged one per cent. *ad valorem*, only; partly manufactured articles two per cent.; manufactures, three; made-up goods, not being articles of mere luxury, five; objects of luxury, ten; while spirits and tobacco are subject to exceptional duties. A commission of the Federal Assembly has, however, proposed more searching measures, which

would include internal duties on spirits and tobacco, as well as a tax on bank-notes. The financial condition of the Bund in the meanwhile is not satisfactory, there being a chronic, though small deficit. Details as to the part taken by Switzerland in the proceedings of what is known as the Latin Monetary Union complete the sketch.

It is obvious that the tendency of the Swiss polity is towards the increase of the central authority, both in respect of extent and of what may be called intensity of action. It is, however, equally clear that this process develops itself under conditions which render its working singularly steady and safe. Cantonal experience is one of its safeguards; so far as respects internal legislation, the Bund cannot practically introduce any novelty, which has not been tried in one or more of its constituent cantons. Then the reference of the laws to the popular vote on the application of a considerable minority, whether of states or of individuals, acts, as has been said, in a purely conservative sense, and prevents the passing of laws which have not really commended themselves to the great bulk of the population. On the

other hand, the initiative which is left to the people of deciding upon constitutional changes — it being the right of fifty thousand voters to demand that the question of a revision of the constitution be put to the popular vote — affords henceforth a safety-valve against revolution which, it may be hoped, will prove one of the most effectual character.

Composed as it is of the three leading races of western continental Europe, the German, the French, and the Italian, Switzerland is invaluable to each, as showing, on a small scale, almost all that can or cannot be done by each. Moreover, the fact that although particular cantons may often be led into political follies and excesses, yet the general conduct of the affairs of the Bund has remained, as a rule, eminently wise and dignified, affords strong ground for thinking that diversity of race, where the equal rights of all are respected, is rather an advantage than a hindrance to a nation. It is difficult to believe that a Switzerland all German, all French, or all Italian would ever have been what Switzerland is, — the brightest jewel among the states of continental Europe.

THE SWEET PEA. — It is a singular circumstance that the sweet pea has been commonly regarded as a half-hardy annual, whereas it is as hardy as any pea in cultivation, and the seed may not only be sown in February in the open ground, but in November, and if the mice do not eat it the winter will not kill it, and in due time the plants will appear with the sunshine of the early spring. But this fine plant deserves extra care, and should never be grown in a careless manner. It is the custom with many gardeners to sow the seed in pots and nurse the young plants in frames, but we prefer to sow them where they are to remain, and to defer doing this until the middle of March, for if the plants come up with a flush of warm weather before the frosts are over they are apt to be nipped, and transplanting puts them back, so that to raise them in pots for the purpose is decidedly objectionable. Thus we simplify the ordinary cultivation, but we must urge that what is done should be done well. A piece of mellow soil in an open situation should be prepared, by being well dug and rather liberally manured, in autumn or winter, and when the seed is sown this should be dug over again and the lumps broken to make a nice seed-bed; then sow in a neat drill an inch and a half deep, and very soon after the plants appear put to them stakes of brushwood about four feet high, selecting for this purpose the neatest and most feathery pea-sticks you can find. Peas that are grown to

eat may be supported roughly, but peas that are grown to be admired for their beauty should be supported in the neatest manner possible; therefore wire trellises and "rissels" made for the purpose may with advantage be employed, especially when the peas occupy a prominent situation in the garden.

Familiar Garden Flowers.

THE BISHOPRIC OF JERUSALEM. — A successor is to be appointed to Bishop Gobat, the reformed bishop of Jerusalem; and surely he ought to be a man learned in the Jewish lore, a real Hebraist, and thoroughly familiar with the teaching of the great Jewish schools of thought. One of Bishop Gobat's chief duties was to superintend the missions for the conversion of the Jews, and clearly those who try to convert the Jews ought to know well the character of their predominant schools. Besides, Bishop Gobat had many dealings with those Eastern prelates who were most anxious for a reformed Church; and without great knowledge of the East, and especially the Semitic portions of the East, no bishop would be able to wield much influence over the Catholic prelates of the East. The successor to Bishop Gobat should not be a mere missionary. He should be a man of appropriate learning and of some presence, — if such there be amongst the possible candidates.

Spectator.